

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 343, Vol. 13.

May 24, 1862.

Price 6d.
Stamped 7d.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH POLICY IN AMERICA.

IT is not known whether M. MERCIER's expedition to Richmond was authorized by his Government; but if it had succeeded it would certainly have been approved. The general purpose of the visit cannot be misapprehended. The information acquired has, of course, been transmitted to Paris, and the friends of the Confederate cause assert that the Emperor NAPOLEON has been confirmed in his belief that the disruption is irrevocable. The communications which may have been exchanged with the Southern Cabinet were necessarily consistent with the views of the Northern Government. The French Minister would not have gone to the Confederate head quarters to ensure a lot of tobacco, and he would have violated all diplomatic propriety if he had not previously stated his intentions to the Cabinet at Washington. On his return, the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY OF STATE, in taking pains to do him personal honour, were probably influenced by a natural desire to prove the falsehood of the rumours which attributed to the Emperor NAPOLEON projects of hostile intervention. It may be safely conjectured that M. MERCIER urged on the authorities at Richmond the imprudence of persevering in a struggle which has entailed on them so many disasters. By persuading them to abandon the contest he would have rendered a great service to both parties, while he would have attained an object which he would have considered still more desirable in reopening the trade of the South with his own country; and Mr. LINCOLN, perhaps, connived at the assurances of Imperial patronage and intercession which he may have offered on behalf of his Government. A year ago, Mr. SEWARD published a gratuitous protest against any possible mediation which might be proposed by any European Sovereign; but Americans, when they speak of the world beyond the limits of their own States, are always really thinking of that England which they are always ready to affront. It was the tyranny of Queen VICTORIA, and not the enlightened Administration of NAPOLEON III. which was, by a rude implication, contrasted with Republican institutions. With Americans, it is apparently as impossible for France to provoke hostility as for England to conciliate confidence and good will. Neither menaces of breaking the blockade, nor sharp rebukes for violations of international law, interrupt the amiable credulity which is at bottom only another form of the pervading jealousy of English greatness. The ruler who proposes to establish a monarchy in Mexico by force of arms has scarcely provoked an occasional murmur among the votaries of the MONROE doctrine. The annoyance to Republican susceptibilities will, by some ingenious process, eventually be placed, as usual, to the account of England.

Mr. DISRAELI, with characteristic regard for the public interests, announced that Lord LYONS and M. MERCIER are intriguing round the PRESIDENT's chair as busily as if it were an Oriental throne. The story is scandalous, if Lord PALMERSTON is right in denouncing it as false; and it would be still more shameless and mischievous if it were unexpectedly found to be true. It is not the business of a good subject to thwart the efforts of his own Government by betraying its embarrassing relations with foreign States; and the invention and propagation of false rumours with respect to diplomatic secrets indicates a cunning which is not less shallow than unscrupulous. Whatever may be the obliquities or eccentricities of Imperial policy, a community of interests has made France in the American difficulty the faithful ally of England. In the earlier part of the war, Mr. SEWARD thought it ingenious to hold different language on all occasions to the two great Powers which had framed their American despatches in concert. It is possible that similar devices may still be occasionally practised, and

Mr. DISRAELI's French informants have attributed to Lord LYONS and M. MERCIER the antagonism which the Federal Government had idly attempted to create. Even if a difference of opinion had arisen, the assumption that the English Minister was necessarily in the wrong could only be justified on the general principle that unlimited subserviency to France was the first of political duties.

The Emperor NAPOLEON is, on good grounds, supposed to entertain unfriendly feelings to the Northern States, but his practical exertions will be directed to the attainment, not of revenge, but of cotton. Two or three months ago, while all the Southern districts were still in the power of the Confederate Government, France would, but for the remonstrances of England, have put an end to the blockade. With New Orleans, and the greater number of Southern ports, in the hands of the Federalists, it would be idle to force a passage by sea to a coast belonging to the blockading Power. For the present, trade can only be resumed on condition of peace, and therefore M. MERCIER consulted the interests of his Government if he urged the Southern leaders to abandon their enterprise. It is not impossible that his interference may have revived in their minds the hope of a more active European intervention. Their belief in the indispensable necessity of cotton has not yet been thoroughly uprooted, and they may plausibly point out the advantages which the Confederacy offers to foreign trade. Even if the Southern ports were reopened for the export of cotton, they would be only held ajar for the admission of foreign manufactures. The occupation of New Orleans means the extension of the MORRILL tariff to districts where the cultivator of raw material only desires unrestricted intercourse with the producer of finished goods. New England and Pennsylvania secured protection for themselves before they commenced their efforts for the restoration of the Union, and the first selfish consequence which they deduced from the disruption will also be their principal concern whenever they conclude a peace. Nevertheless, M. MERCIER may have reasonably thought that trade on any terms was better than the indefinite continuance of the blockade.

There is nothing in the activity of the French Government to provoke jealousy or opposition. In the United States, England has long been accustomed to the treatment which is deemed appropriate to the least-favoured nation. It would be childish to allow unmerited slights to influence national policy. As the Americans prefer French interference, the friendly counsels of England may well be reserved when the same advice is urged from a more acceptable quarter. Sensible statesmen are content if their objects are attained without any instrumentality of their own. A prudent diplomatist is perhaps not displeased with an excuse for abstaining from a display of eloquence which is almost certain to be fruitless. The Federal Government, after its recent successes, could not at present enter into negotiations for a frontier, and although the South is severely pressed by the invading armies, there are obvious reasons against immediate submission. There is nothing Sibylline in the terms of reconciliation which will be offered by the Washington Government. The Seceders know that, at the worst, they may return to the Union with all their former privileges. The Pro-slavery Democrats of the North are now among the fiercest denouncers of rebellion, partly from a natural wish to avert popular suspicion, and also because they feel as an injury to themselves the desertion of their former political allies. On the first rumour of peace, the most energetic half of the Northern community, while it supports the extreme claims of the repentant slaveowners, will denounce Abolitionists and Republicans as the real enemies of the Union. The Eastern and Western States have a feud of their own to settle as soon as the strife of North and South is appeased. A Southern

victory is still possible, the approach of summer is certain, and the collapse of the Federal finances can scarcely be delayed beyond the end of the year. On the whole, a judicious bystander will not be eager to tender good offices which both parties are likely to reject.

Under present circumstances, the French Government will submit to the disagreeable necessity of waiting. If M. MERCIER and Lord LYONS wish to realise Mr. DISRAELI's fancy by rivalry in intrigue, it is difficult to conjecture the pretext or occasion of their quarrels. The English Minister can scarcely be weak enough to compete for Mr. SEWARD's good graces, and his French colleague has no motive for courting the favour which he already enjoys. Even the casual grievance of the recapture of the *Emily St. Pierre* is under discussion in England, and Lord RUSSELL will assuredly not defend an unlawful display of sailorlike recklessness and daring, although he cannot furnish a remedy for a private wrong. There is no longer any practical question as to the validity of the blockade, and if the invading generals can ship any cotton from the conquered ports, neither France nor England will hesitate to become purchasers. The Americans themselves have become visibly less quarrelsome as they have found themselves consciously stronger. They were inclined to go to war with England after Bull's Run and Ball's Bluff, but they have no temptation to find a victim on whom they may wreak their revenge for New Orleans and Yorktown. A dispute with France on American matters is happily still less probable, and Mr. DISRAELI will do well to place the scene of his next mysterious communication at some capital where political relations are more complicated and less transparent.

MEXICO.

JOINT expeditions are very bad things, and if we were not sick of them before, the history of our expedition to Mexico would be enough to sicken us of them for ever; but still it is easier to denounce than to avoid them. What has happened was almost exactly what might have been foretold. We knew that, in all probability, we should lose a great many men by fever—that if the Mexicans fought us, we should not gain the slightest glory or credit by beating them—that we should spend a great deal of money for nothing, and that we should quarrel with our allies. The end of it would be, that the agreement against the promotion of special interests would be set aside, and that either France or Spain would occupy Mexico. All this was foreseen, and yet we joined in an expedition in which the part we assigned ourselves was so indisputably humble. The reason is not very obscure. We had as strong a case against Mexico as one country could have against another. The QUEEN's subjects had been robbed, insulted, and murdered in Mexico. Treaty had been violated after treaty. We had threatened and demanded redress, and no notice was taken of our threats. Unless we were to submit to every possible wrong, and every possible insult, from a semi-barbarous country, simply because it openly avowed itself sunk in anarchy, we were bound to let Mexico feel that a time had come when long-suffering must end, and chastisement begin. The English Government went to the last lengths of patience and forbearance rather than accept the responsibility of punishing Mexico; and it might have gone on, even below the point of dignity, had it not turned out that Spain, which alleged grievances nearly as great as our own, thought that the task of bringing Mexico into order was one which would exactly suit her, and that France insisted on sharing in the expedition. If we had declined to cooperate, we should have been virtually using France and Spain to redress our wrongs, and this would have been a rather poor position for England to occupy. In old days, two out of three injured monarchs might have agreed that one of them should do all the work, take all the booty, and merely pay her allies something handsome out of the spoil. But modern scrupulousness forbade us to arrange that France or Spain should seize on Mexico and pay us for our consent.

There was, too, a faint hope that, if the three nations entered on a joint expedition, it might be successful. Words can scarcely paint how very faint this hope was; but still there was just a ghost of a chance that either a new strong national party might spring up in Mexico, when so stirring a fact as an armed intervention stared the Mexicans in the face, and thus a new and responsible Government might be formed, or that the danger would so strengthen the hands of the existing Government that it might find itself able to

make and carry out a really satisfactory convention. The English Government decided to try this last chance. If anything short of an occupation of the country would do, it was thought better to attempt this than to acquiesce in foreign nations avenging us while we sat idle. Now, we know that nothing short of an occupation will do. Nothing like a strong Government, or a national party, or a guarantee of any sort that things will go on better henceforth, has appeared in Mexico. We, for our part, have decided that we will not have anything to do with a permanent occupation of the country, and therefore we withdraw. Our allies are more willing to stay. Spain expected to have the game all to herself. There was nothing she would have liked better than for her allies to go away, and leave her to create and reward such a spontaneous desire for reunion with Spain as lately blazed forth in San Domingo. But this was not to be. Perhaps France would not have allowed it; but the Mexicans themselves settled the question, and made it clear that there was one feeling in their noble breasts deeper and fiercer than the hatred of order, of liberty, and of each other, and that was the hatred of their old Mother-country. A Spanish Government was simply an impossibility in Mexico.

So the French stay there in their glory alone, and are now prepared to make short work of the Mexicans, and especially of JUAREZ, who, among other aggravating wrongs, kept the French army several days without enough to eat. Of course the next mail will tell us that the capital is in the hands of the French. Another mail or two will report that the country is pacified, and then will come the final settlement of affairs, and it will be rather curious to see what the final settlement is to be. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Mexicans will be permitted to determine exactly as they please. The address of the French Commander-in-Chief places this beyond a doubt by dwelling on the absurdity of supposing that a liberal Government like that of the EMPEROR would ever dream of interfering with elections. It may, however, happen that, merely by way of friendly counsel, the French may kindly suggest what would be best for Mexico, and that, by a curious chance, the particular voters who come to the poll will be the exact set of people who think this advice right. It is possible, therefore, that the EMPEROR will really fix the fate of Mexico; but in what way he will fix it, no one can say. That he has a distinct project of seizing on the country and holding it as a new and richer Algeria, is by no means certain; but that it must come to this in the long run is very likely. He is said to have repeatedly declared that he would be pleased if the Archduke MAXIMILIAN were to accept the crown of Mexico. But the Archduke must be a very rash man, or very tired of Vienna, if he consents to do anything of the sort. The wretched position of the contemptible King of GREECE would be easy and dignified as compared with the position of the King of MEXICO. We may be sure that Austria, with a deficit of ten millions, and not a ship to spare away from the Adriatic, would not back him up. It would be idle to think of governing Mexico with a purely Mexican army. His soldiers would scarcely pay him the compliment of a pronunciamiento or a revolution—they would merely take their choice of the different modes of assassinating him. He must depend on European soldiers. He might, perhaps, get together a corps of mercenaries, and a legion of Hungarians or Germans might enforce a military despotism with the bayonet; but of all the horrible states of life a man can be called to, that of a despot dependent on mercenaries is the most miserable and forlorn. It would remain for the Archduke to be King, with a French garrison to protect him; and, if he is not quite sure how he would like this, he had better spend a month at Rome, and perhaps he will be able to make up his mind. Whether a shadow of a Sovereign is put up or not, the occupation must be virtually a French one, if there is to be a new order of things at all. Possibly, the EMPEROR may be content with a barren victory—may acquiesce in some arrangement that will do no good, and can only last for a time, and will get away as fast as he can, with the credit of having outwitted Spain, and of having acted where England remained ingloriously passive. But, if he is not content to do this, and if the French try really to put things in a satisfactory state, they must stay there, and Mexico must be governed from Paris.

The expedition is apparently by no means popular in France. The army does not like a service where there is no credit to be won, and where disease is sure to sweep off so many. The nation fears the expense, and financiers see an alarming vista of extraordinary credits and supplement-

tary budgets. But we suspect that the real secret of the hesitation of the French to accept the prize, and the inmost cause of their prudent anxiety about the cost, is the indifference with which England regards their occupation. If we were angry, or exclaimed against their unscrupulous ambition, or saw in their tenure of Mexico a danger of any sort to our commerce or our navy, they would be delighted. But it is very disappointing to find that they are going to seize on one of the very richest parts of the earth's surface, and that we are quite pleased they should do so. A lady might be expected to be a little doubtful whether her bonnet would do if she saw her rival was honestly glad she should wear it. But in our case, are we not strictly guided in our acquiescence in a French occupation of Mexico by selfish considerations? Nations, of course, are guided more by their interests than their feelings. We think that it will take some time and trouble, and carry off a little of the surplus energy of France, if such a population as that of Mexico is to be tamed and civilized, and prosperity is to be restored after a half-century of anarchy. We also see with pleasure the establishment of a strong European force on the Southern front of the American Union. Slavery cannot well cross over the border if France holds Mexico; and there is something satisfactory in finding that not only has the MONROE doctrine been set aside once for all, but that it has been extinguished by the very Power which Americans have most delighted to court and flatter. We do not, however, expect that, even now, France will be in the least blamed for establishing a European Monarchy next door to the Republic. It will evidently be the fault of the English, who basely withdrew from the expedition, and so forced France to act for herself. We are also disposed to think that, in case of a war with France, it will be advantageous to us that she, like ourselves, should have the difficult task of holding a dependency accessible only by a long sea voyage. It is true that she will also gain a naval station whence she might do us most serious damage, and that she will command in critical times the Isthmus, and all the trade that passes near the Isthmus on either ocean. But when once our attention to our interests is satisfied, we can afford to give more generous feelings play, and, having decided that we have more to gain than to lose by France occupying Mexico, we can burn a little incense on the altar of friendship. We are glad that a fertile country, full of inexhaustible mineral wealth, should be turned once more to its proper uses, and that French civilization should replace the dreary barbarism of Mexico. We are also glad that France should have a field of enterprise where she can show her power and resources without arousing our jealousy, or inspiring us with a sense of danger. This unselfish pleasure in the success of France is one which we pretend to enjoy so very seldom that the world may reasonably give us credit for sincerity when we assert that we feel it.

MR. DISRAELI ON TAXATION AND FOREIGN POLICY.

MR. DISRAELI was perhaps well advised in making, on Monday last, a third set speech against the Government. His attack on Mr. GLADSTONE before Easter had been unusually effective, but his discomfiture in the subsequent conflict with Lord PALMERSTON was so complete that it may have been expedient to show that he had still spirit enough to renew the conflict. It is not undesirable that the House of Commons should, from time to time, be reminded that, notwithstanding the present stagnation, it is still a political assembly. Whatever may be Mr. DISRAELI's failings, it is to him that the country is indebted for the continuance of an old-fashioned constitutional Opposition. Almost alone among those who are nominally his allies and followers, he steadily fixes his attention on the object of restoring his party to office; and although he frequently fails to comprehend the conditions of success, the vigilance of a hostile critic imposes a useful check on the Government. In the debate of Monday, Mr. DISRAELI repeated, in a less offensive form, the offer by which he hopes to detach from the Ministerial ranks a sufficient number of outlying Liberals. A reduction of the naval and military estimates is to be rendered possible by more perfect reliance on the friendship and moderation of France. Mr. COBDEN lately supported the same policy by similar arguments; and Mr. STANSFELD has given notice of a motion for diminishing the public expenditure. Mr. OSBORNE and Mr. WHITE professed their willingness to consider the proposals of the would-be

Minister, and if he were to follow up his speeches by a motion, he would probably secure for the occasion the votes of several unsteady or mutinous members of the majority; but Mr. DISRAELI ought long since to have understood the futility of casual coalitions on isolated questions. The economists below the gangway would vote for reduced estimates, but they are not prepared to become political supporters of Lord DERBY. If they contemplate a new political combination hereafter, they look to Mr. GLADSTONE as its chief, and not to Mr. DISRAELI. In renouncing any purpose of offering a factious opposition to any future Government, they only intend to place a gentle pressure on Lord PALMERSTON and his colleagues.

It is perfectly true that finance must, to a great extent, be dependent on foreign policy, and it was therefore unnecessary for Mr. DISRAELI to dwell on Mr. GLADSTONE's inconsiderate admission that the present fiscal condition of the country is essentially unsound. The assertion that the existing revenue depends on the financial reserve is but a rhetorical description of the Income-tax. Whatever may be the comparative merits of direct and indirect taxation, it must not be forgotten that heavy duties on consumption have been remitted within the last two years; and it is absurd to pretend that the limits of possible revenue have been reached, although at this time, as under all circumstances, it is the duty of the Government to abstain from all unnecessary expenditure. When it is urged that the naval establishment is too costly for the national resources, and also that it is not required to counterbalance the maritime power of France, either proposition throws a suspicion on the validity of the other. If the country cannot afford the expense of naval supremacy, it must be content to depend on the forbearance of a formidable neighbour. On the other hand, Mr. LINDSAY's obstinate incredulity as to the French dockyards would furnish a sufficient reason for reductions at home, if it were founded on fact. Mr. DISRAELI's dilemma or logical saw between friendship and enmity with France is much less convincing. No Government in its senses would either disregard the progress of the French navy, or make a peremptory demand that it should be discontinued. It is cheaper to build iron ships than to undertake an utterly unjustifiable war because the Emperor NAPOLEON builds more than he can reasonably want. Mr. DISRAELI says that acquiescence in the maritime rivalry of France would be not subservience, but submission; and again he insists on knowing whether the Government expects to preserve the peace, notwithstanding its preparations for the opposite contingency. Lord PALMERSTON, like a sensible Minister, replies that France will probably be friendly as long as England is strong, and the answer expresses the universal opinion on which the national policy is founded. A proud and sensitive country requires to be protected, not only from direct aggression, but from insult and provocation. Disarmament would lead, not in the first instance to invasion, but to slights which, in their consequences, would inevitably produce collision. There are a few politicians who would surrender the influence of England in the councils of Europe, but until they can bring over their countrymen to their views, they ought to foresee the necessity of vindicating the greatness, as well as the safety, of the Empire. A French war would not commence by one of the piratical expeditions which Mr. COBDEN supposes his adversaries to anticipate. There would be a preliminary quarrel, arising from some encroachment on the part of France which would have been invited by the apparent inability of England to resent it; and as the consciousness of temporary weakness would assuredly not diminish the national pugnacity, the challenge would be accepted, and hostilities would commence, as in the Russian war, almost entirely because they were not expected.

It would be an error to assume, because the arguments for a reduced expenditure may be factious or fallacious, that relief is hopeless. Seventy millions a-year may not exceed the fiscal resources of the country, but it would be more agreeable and advantageous to spend sixty-five or sixty. The estimates for the present year exhibit a reduction of a million, and Lord PALMERSTON held out some hope that in 1863 further diminutions might be contrived. The present state of things is, in truth, so far exceptional, that a large portion of the naval expenditure is of a temporary character. It will not be necessary to go on for ever with the reconstruction of the navy; and, if the cost of shipbuilding were reduced to its ordinary level, the ordinary working expenses would not be found excessive. The unlucky Board of Admiralty has wasted large sums

by always keeping a little in the rear of the inventions which it has ultimately been compelled to adopt. When it has got together a sufficient fleet of iron-plated vessels, it will scarcely find itself compelled once more to throw away all that it has done in favour of some new discovery. The large taxation of the last half-dozen years has at least provided an improved artillery for land and sea forces, which for the present will only require reparation and renewal. The country has never been equally well protected in time of peace, and scarcely a ship or a gun which is now employed was in existence ten years ago. Mr. GLADSTONE may, perhaps, intend to deprecate the permanent maintenance of armaments sufficient to secure the country from attack. Mr. DISRAELI more openly avows the policy of avoiding all opposition to the designs of France. But the real prospect of prudent reduction consists in the future discontinuance of exceptional charges on capital. A railway company, after renewing the rails and the permanent way out of revenue, may reasonably look for increased dividends when it falls back on the regular working expenses. Armstrong guns and iron-plated ships, provided once for all, ought to be followed by a diminished outlay, until some new contrivance supersedes recent inventions.

Judicious members of Parliament will not be disposed to vote against their respective parties in the hope of establishing a frugal Government. One Prime Minister has the same means of promoting economy as another, and all have sufficient motives for diminishing public burdens. No fallacy can be more vulgar than the pretence of Mr. CORDEN's French correspondent, that Governments, when they are in want of money, encourage rumours of war. It may be true that, in its alarm, Parliament may vote taxes more readily; but there is no advantage in a larger revenue when it is only provided to meet a corresponding expenditure. Too many men or too many ships only impose on the Government the duty of levying additional taxes at the probable risk of popularity. The estimates govern the votes of supply, and increased armaments are not ordinarily accompanied by a surplus. It is possible that a Government may have a motive for extravagance where extraordinary expenditure is habitually covered by loans; for an addition to the debt involves no immediate pressure on the taxpayer, and it may incidentally leave a margin for the ordinary wants of the Treasury. In England, where the revenue must provide for all expenses, a disinterested love of taxation would be one of the oddest propensities which could affect an eccentric Minister. Mr. GLADSTONE himself never avowed a desire of rendering taxes oppressive, except in the hope of stimulating popular discontent against the policy for which he might be providing the means. It is certain that, if Lord PALMERSTON and the majority of his colleagues maintain superfluous armaments, they are not influenced by motives of selfish interest. It is not necessary to examine Mr. DISRAELI's reasons for proclaiming the expediency of reduction. If his overtures to the advocates of extreme parsimony had the effect of placing him in office, the necessity of preserving an apparent consistency might probably bias his judgment. It is safer to trust to the interests of a Government which is not pledged to save money by unlimited deference to France.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

THE clouds have at last passed away from the financial prospects of India, and the long period of apparently hopeless embarrassment has closed with a promise of prosperity such as has not been seen for a period of twenty years. Although unmistakable symptoms of the coming change have been afforded by the steady increase of the cash balances, there was little exaggeration in Mr. LAING's statement, that his earlier intimations of the existence of a really substantial surplus had been regarded in India with feelings of astonishment, and in England with something almost amounting to incredulity. The news, in fact, seemed too good to be true; and it must be thankfully owned that Mr. LAING's calculations are not only the most satisfactory, but the best authenticated accounts which have ever been rendered of the affairs of our Eastern Empire. For the first time since England assumed the government of India, a financial statement has been made, based on actual returns for ten months of the past year, and depending on estimate only for the short interval from March to May. The margin of error cannot, therefore, be large, and the accuracy of the assumed data is placed almost entirely beyond question by the ample

store of bullion which remains in the hands of the Treasury. The balances, in fact, indicate at first sight a still more prosperous state of affairs than that which is disclosed by the returns of revenue and expenditure. In the first eleven months of the financial year, the funds in hand have increased from fourteen and a half to seventeen and a half millions. Mr. LAING, however, conscientiously corrects this apparent sign of prosperity. It seems that India owes to the Department at home 3,300,000*l.* in respect of the transactions of the year; and after taking into account a corresponding excess of the balance for the previous year, the result is a gain of 700,000*l.* Of course the actual payments and receipts during a particular year may not entirely coincide with the income and outlay properly attributable to the same period. But no special circumstances can be traced to account for the observed improvement; and, if Mr. LAING is right in assuming that the outstanding liabilities have diminished rather than increased, his conclusion is irresistible, that the state of the cash balances affords an answer of mathematical certainty to the question whether an equilibrium has or has not been realized. The accounts for ten months, completed by estimates for the remainder of the year, tell precisely the same tale. The total expenditure has been, in round numbers, 36,500,000*l.*, which exceeds the estimate by about a million and a half. Of this excess, however, two-thirds is due to the transfer of the burden of certain public works from local to imperial revenue, and the advance of a large sum for increasing the cultivation of opium, with a view to secure the China market for future years. After deducting these items, the error in the original estimates is reduced to 500,000*l.*, which Mr. LAING has certainly a right to regard as a triumphant result in a year in which reductions of expenditure had to be carried out to ten times that amount. The revenue has increased at a more rapid rate than the expenditure, the total excess above the estimates being 1,600,000*l.*, leaving some trifling surplus upon the past year. The Land revenue, the Stamps, and the Customs have all contributed to this increase, which seems to be due in about equal proportions to the insufficiency of the estimates on the information available a year ago, and to the unexpected elasticity which the revenues of India have exhibited.

In anticipation of this brilliant result, the license-tax had already been remitted, but if the remainder of the new taxes had been continued, and the further reductions in contemplation effected, the accounts for the coming year would show a surplus of nearly 1,500,000*l.* It is even more interesting to inquire how this happy state of affairs has been arrived at than to discuss the various kinds of relief to which the surplus is intended to be applied. The combined operation of two causes explains almost the whole. The military expenditure has been reduced from 20,900,000*l.* in 1859-60, and 15,800,000*l.* in the following year, to 12,800,000*l.* in 1861-62; and at the same time the revenue has been largely raised, partly by its own buoyancy, but mainly by new taxation. The process is extremely simple, and as yet, at any rate, there are no signs that military economy has been pushed to a perilous extreme. The native force of soldiers and police has, it is true, been reduced in two years from 350,000 to 130,000 men; while the European army, which a year ago was 90,000 strong, has been brought down to its standard strength of 70,000. The loss of so many armed natives may very possibly be a gain in effective power and safety, and, if the present European force is kept up, it seems to be conceded by the military authorities themselves that the security and tranquillity of the country can be maintained. Mr. LAING even goes further than this, and insists that, when the increased facilities for moving troops and the weeding out of elements of weakness in the native force are taken into account, our military power in India never stood on so sound a basis as it does at present. This may be so, but it must be remembered that Mr. LAING speaks with the bias of a financier, and we know by home experience what strange theories of the sufficiency of national protection may be formed by a Chancellor of the Exchequer. Assuming, however, that the retrenchment policy is not to be pushed to the verge of danger, the Indian Government may fairly be congratulated on the economy which it has introduced into the administration.

As India is not governed by a popular Assembly, the disposal of a surplus is an easier matter than when a limited sum has to be apportioned among the almost unlimited claims for remission which are always preferred in the House of

Commons. We do not know that Mr. LAING could have applied his available funds much better than he has proposed to do, except, perhaps, that a larger allocation to public works would, in the end, have proved more advantageous to the taxpaying community themselves. It was inevitable that the protective duties on cotton manufactures should be immediately remitted, and this absorbs nearly 500,000*l.* of the expected surplus. Another sum of about the same amount is to be applied in augmenting the grants for public works and education. About 350,000*l.* is the cost of relieving the poorer classes from the income-tax—a concession which is abundantly justified by the fact that the cost of collection amounted to more than 30 per cent. on the net returns. By these measures the surplus is reduced below 200,000*l.*, which, on an expenditure of 40,000,000*l.*, is certainly not too large a margin to retain. Cautious financiers may even doubt whether Mr. LAING has not gone too far in the confidence which he reposes in the future. He seems himself to have felt that this was the weak point of his Budget, and has laboured to justify his sanguine policy by an attempt to prove that the revenues of India are less exposed to adverse fluctuations, and have more inherent buoyancy, than those of any other country in the world. This is a new doctrine, and though Mr. LAING's argument makes out a plausible case, it is not very satisfactorily proved either that the opium monopoly is a source of income thoroughly to be depended on, or that the elasticity of other sources of revenue is as great as the figures quoted seem to represent it. The main ground on which the opium revenue is represented to be at least as stable as the excise on spirits, or the duty on tobacco, in this country, amounts only to this—that the Chinese have for many years past taken an almost constant quantity of Indian opium; and it is quietly assumed that, without a sudden change in the tastes of the consuming population, this demand must continue without abatement. But there are two palpable fallacies in this reasoning. The quantity exported to China has been fixed, not by the demand, but by the supply of a monopolised commodity; and the fluctuations in the requirements of the Chinese have shown themselves in variations of price which have ranged over a margin of 100 per cent. Indeed Mr. LAING answers his own argument by saying that the price for the next year may probably range from 1,470 to 1,000 rupees per chest, and that he accordingly bases his estimate on a supposed price of 1,200 rupees.

Another consideration, which entirely excludes the comparison relied on between the revenue from spirits and tobacco in England and the opium monopoly in India, is the possibility, not to say the probability, of the Chinese legalizing the cultivation of the poppy. There is no reason to suppose that any large profits—certainly not the excessive profits now made by the Government of India from the growth of opium—could be maintained in the face of a real competition on the part of the Chinese; and this revenue is, in truth, subject to all the hazards of a protected trade, with the additional inconvenience that the protection depends on the caprice of a foreign country, and that country in a state of anarchy.

But the discovery on which Mr. LAING most prides himself is the extreme buoyancy of the Indian revenues. To a certain extent, he may have made out his case, but his calculations are too full of assumptions to be altogether trusted. It is true that the revenues of India have risen in the last ten years (if the official figures can be trusted) from 29,000,000*l.* to 43,000,000*l.*, but we do not know the data on which it is alleged that the increase on opium, that from new taxes, and that from acquisition of territory, account for only 7,500,000*l.* of the amount. Possibly the land revenue alone has been taken into account in estimating the value of our modern acquisitions, but it is clear that the growth of general revenue, on account of a large increase of territory and population, is no proof that a similar buoyancy will be found after the limits of the empire have become stationary. The real source of wealth in India is in the improvement of the soil by works of irrigation, and in the development of trade by roads, railways, and canals; but, apart from the direct and indirect benefits of such investments, it would scarcely be safe to rely too confidently on the steady increase of 700,000*l.* a year, which Mr. LAING assumes as the normal rate of increase of the revenues of our Eastern Empire. It is something to have got over the old theory that India was a country with an income that could not increase and an expenditure that could not be kept stationary; but it will be in the highest degree perilous to jump to the opposite conclusion, as Mr. LAING

seems disposed to do, and to assume that the ordinary income of the Indian Government has a rate of annual progress far exceeding that of Great Britain herself.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

THE Government of the United States deserves great credit for the efficiency of its military administration. Although 600,000 men have been operating over half a continent, it is not known that a single division or brigade has suffered from want of food or of warlike stores. It is true that there have been few long inland marches, and that great facilities are afforded by the command of the sea and of the navigable rivers; but the energy and readiness with which the river fleets have been organized seem to show that the Navy Department can scarcely deserve the unpopularity which it has incurred. The vessels which have secured so many advantages to the North have, with few exceptions, been bought, or built, and armed since the commencement of the war. It is, of course, easier to provide vessels which can convey troops or carry guns than to prepare them for encounter with an equal adversary; but some of the iron-plated boats have engaged forts with advantage, and in almost all instances, the craft which has been employed has been found sufficient for the particular service. The force which captured New Orleans would have been respectable if it had occupied the entire attention of the Government; and yet, at the same time, Federal vessels were swarming on all parts of the coast and along the course of the great rivers. It appears that fifty steamers were engaged after the capture of Yorktown in conveying General FRANKLIN's division to West Point. New York probably finds it easy to supply the Government with any amount of shipping, especially during the stagnation of foreign trade; but, though no original genius may have been displayed in the combinations of land and sea forces, a Government which knows how to use all the means at its disposal justly earns a reputation for vigour. The utter disregard of economy which has been exhibited in the course of the war forms the principal drawback to the merit of Federal administrators. There can be no doubt that enormous sums have been wasted, and in the meantime the most lavish community in the world has not contributed in additional taxes a single dollar to the expense of the war. The policy which has been adopted may perhaps vindicate itself by the conclusive apology of success, should the Confederates be tempted by their numerous reverses to make peace in the course of the present year; but in the more probable event of a lengthened war, the extravagance of 1862 will produce the most pernicious results. It will be difficult or impossible to find money for a second campaign of equal magnitude, and fleets and armies on an ordinary scale will be despised by friends and enemies.

The absence of all information as to the progress of the campaign in the West only proves that BEAUREGARD's army has not been defeated or broken up. General HALLECK is supposed still to remain in the neighbourhood of the Tennessee river; and the number of his forces is reported as overwhelming. The Confederate commander must be greatly embarrassed by the capture of New Orleans, especially as he cannot calculate on permanently retaining any of the towns on the southern coast. The entire Mississippi is probably by this time in the hands of the Federalists, and a retreat to the interior would be directed along no intelligible line of operations. It is barely possible that BEAUREGARD, finding it impossible to make head against a superior adversary, may throw himself into the remote region beyond the Mississippi, and it would certainly be difficult to follow an enemy into Texas and Western Louisiana; but, on the other hand, the Northern generals would be satisfied with the occupation of the heart of the country. Experience shows that, in the majority of cases, the early fortune of the campaign foreshadows its final result. Except in the first battle of Pittsburg, or Shiloh, the Confederates have never gained an advantage since the commencement of the spring campaign; and it would now be difficult for BEAUREGARD to turn the tide of success, even if he should achieve a partial victory. The only encouragement which the Seceders can find must be derived from the tenacity of the population. The fiction of Union sentiment in the South is all but exploded; and the blazing piles of cotton prove that the invader is regarded as something worse than an ordinary enemy. The most thorough-going calumniator of the Confederate States can scarcely dispute the loyal devotion which they have shown to the cause and the government which they have chosen.

Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS must have felt strong reliance on the character of his countrymen when he called for a universal conscription, which it would have been utterly impossible to enforce against the general wish. The South, even more than the North, has done itself injustice through its inveterate habit of bragging. A year ago, no observer could believe that either party was so thoroughly in earnest.

The abandonment of the lines of Yorktown has become perfectly intelligible. The command of the water here, as elsewhere, gave the Federal general the absolute control of the enemy's position. The terror inspired by the *Virginia* still excluded the Northern gunboats from the James River, and protected the right flank of the Confederates, but on their left a large fleet of transports was rapidly brought together, and the flotilla of the defenders was ultimately overmatched. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS and his generals would probably have defied a front attack, but they saw the probability that a large force would be landed in their rear, which might, on one side, effect a junction with the armies in Northern Virginia, and, on the other, cut off the Confederate retreat. The only alternative of immediate retreat was a desperate attack, which General MAGRUDER is said to have recommended with the significant approval of the army. A general assault might have been awaited with confidence, but the Confederates could only force General McCLELLAN to fight by moving out of their own strong position; and it was better to incur the risk and discredit of falling back, especially as the imperfect organization of the Federal army has always prevented their leaders from taking due advantage of a retreat. The next line of defence at Williamsburg was comparatively safe from the enemy's gunboats; but the apprehension that the left flank would be turned by a maritime expedition rendered it impossible to hold the position. After a skirmish, which was probably intended to cover the retreat, the army fell back behind the Chickahominy, and even beyond James River, leaving Richmond on the other side. In the meantime, General McCLELLAN transported a large force to West Point, and he has since connected the movements of the main army with his lieutenant, who, in turn, will be able to open communication with General McDOWELL. As the peninsula widens, he will no longer be able to use his transports, but the rivers will give him facilities for bringing up his supplies, and the distance which he has to travel is only thirty or forty miles. Thus far, his march has been regarded in the North as an uninterrupted triumph, although his personal reputation might have been promoted by a brilliant victory in the field. If the Confederates fight a pitched battle in defence of their capital, they will suffer the disadvantage which always attends the partisans of a losing cause. On the other hand, the surrender of Richmond would profoundly discourage the South, and it would be generally thought that the military prowess of the Confederate armies had not justified the boasts which preceded the opening of the campaign. Yet it is unfair to criticise troops or generals harshly, when they have been exposed to extraordinary disadvantages. It is almost impossible to contend with an enemy who can turn every position with perfect impunity. Even if gunboats could be resisted by field-pieces, the opportunity of transporting forces by parallel water communications confers an advantage which can scarcely be counterbalanced. Flank marches are proverbially dangerous, but flank voyages, when the enemy has no force on the water, are the safest of operations.

The ability displayed by the Northern side has been that of traffic managers and engineers, rather than that of generals. General HALLECK has a great reputation, which he may possibly hereafter justify. General McCLELLAN appears to have played an easy game without perceptible blunders. Strange results might have followed if the Confederates had possessed either a great general, or a resolute and desperate soldiery. The intelligence of Americans teaches them to know when they are beaten almost before their adversaries have ascertained their own victory. A daring mariner on board the *Virginia* would have taken or sunk the *Monitor* if he had sacrificed half the crew in the enterprise. A Turkish or a Spanish garrison would have often defended for a week longer one of the forts which have successively capitulated to the invader as soon as it was found that their walls were not proof against his artillery. If NAPOLEON had been in the place of JEFFERSON DAVIS, he would have crushed the civilian generals in Northern Virginia, while McCLELLAN was still lying outside the lines of Yorktown. It may be assumed that, in some of the battles and skirmishes of the war, regiments have fought

tolerably well; but thus far the contest has not been irradiated by any glimpse of heroism or of genius. The desperate bayonet charges which continually put the Confederates to flight find fitting commemoration in the pages of the New York papers; but extraordinary gallantry loses some of its interest when it is always displayed against an inferior or retreating enemy, who has no opportunity of telling his own story.

THE PUFFER'S LAMENT.

IT is very hard that an intractable and stiff-necked people will not admire the Great International Exhibition as they ought. There never was so perplexing a perversity. The Public Instructor has not failed in his duties. In this department, at least, there has been no neglect. It may be confessed that inadvertencies have occurred in other divisions of the great work. It is now admitted to be unfortunately true that the contractors have misapprehended the objects for which windows and skylights were intended by their inventors; and, while they have been zealous to exclude the light, have carefully provided a passage for the rain. The result is that the interior is in many places of what architects call the speluncar type of construction, and is both damper and darker than an exacting exhibitor might wish. To drain off so much of the dripping as does not find a permanent resting-place upon goods or gowns, the Commissioners have had the foresight to provide holes in the flooring, through which it may find its way into the cavities beneath. But it must be admitted that this precaution has not answered its purpose — or at least that it has answered a little more than its purpose. The holes occur in such disproportionate sizes, and at such irregular intervals, that they are apt to drain off the superfluity, not only of the celestial stream which comes in at the roof, but of the human stream which comes in at the doors; so that while a frequent drip of rain falls through from the top, there is also an occasional drip of visitors falling through from the floor. Probably this flaw in the arrangements might have been officially denied for some time longer, but that poor Mr. SLANEY has unhappily closed a life of philanthropic labour by putting it, for the public benefit, to the test of a practical demonstration. The Commissioners themselves have abandoned the defence of the taste which displayed tallow trophies, and toy trophies, and Lady Godiva's statue, as the objects of art which the Commission delighted to honour, while STORER's Sibyl and Cleopatra were huddled into a distant corner. Lady Godiva has disappeared, and the trophies have been shorn of half their grotesque proportions. All these shortcomings must be admitted; but at least one department may fairly escape from the general condemnation. The puffing branch of the business has been conducted with a skill, and a foresight, and a perseverance, which the other functionaries of the Commission would have done well to imitate. It has shrunk from no labour, and been deterred by no difficulties. It began early; it let no opportunity slip by; and it has not yet taken rest. It sticks at nothing. Domes and dripping, toys and tallow, dark corners and mangled M.P.'s, it has stomach for them all. And yet the English people will not admire.

It is impossible not to sympathize to a certain extent with the lamentations which, under these circumstances, were wrung from the *Times* on Tuesday last. Nothing is so irritating as to have good work spoiled by clumsy fellow-labourers. The feelings of the *Times* towards the Commission must be rather like the feelings of the present Cabinet towards Sir ROBERT PEEL. It is impossible to avoid having your temper disturbed by friends whom it is your constant occupation to pick out of the mud. If the Commission had only done their work passably, the *Times* could have easily carried them through. But there is a point at which even puffing loses its marvellous virtues. No eulogies, however dexterous, will avail to soothe the deluded country gentleman, whose favourite picture is rotting in the damp — or the Sheffield exhibitor, whose fine steel edges have rusted away — or the artist, whose statues have been subjected to a refreshing criticism from the Commissioners' own art-critic — or the wax-flower maker of Berlin, whose labours have trickled away under the condensing burning-glass of the dome — or the mechanician, whose expensive engines are uselessly cumbering the ground, because the Commissioners have forgotten that steam-engines won't go without steam — or the visitor, who has been constituted into an involuntary plummet for

fathoming the subterranean depths of the foundations—or the general public, who can remember 1851, and did not pay their money to see a show-room arranged as if there was to be an auction in it the next day. No entreaties can induce them to raise the chorus to that hymn of praise of which the *Times* has so long and so vigorously sung the solo. The writers in that journal are justly conscious that this failure is none of their doing. They did all that mortal men could do. If the Exhibition could have been saved, by their hand it would have been done. It was the hopeless blundering of a disorganized, leader-less Commission, which has given the lie, and even lent an air of ridicule, to their faithful panegyric. It would be unreasonable to complain that the emotions incident to so trying a situation should find vent in a leading article, or that the unfortunate public should be roundly lectured for the crime of not being taken in. But still we must demur to the canons of criticism laid down in this emergency. The principles which the *Times* thinks it necessary to establish for the shelter of the Commissioners are, that no one who has not taken part in an undertaking has a right to criticize those who have, and that the shortness of time within which the Commissioners have worked covers all their sins. With respect to the last of these two pleas, the answer is so obvious that it scarcely needs to be stated. If thirteen months were not enough for the satisfactory performance of their duties, they were entirely at liberty to have taken twenty-five. They selected their own time, and if they were in an unnecessary hurry they have no one to blame for it but themselves. Messrs. KELK and LUCAS would not be complimented by a private employer who, on walking into his new house should straightway tumble through into his cellar, and should then be assured in excuse that the builders had given themselves so little time that they had not been able to put down a sound floor. There was nothing peculiar or sacred in the year 1862 that should have preferred it above all other years for this honour. If, by waiting till 1863, the Commissioners could have admitted the light, and kept out the rain, seen the trophies of which they authorized the erection, and read the books of which they authorized the sale, saved Mr. SLANEY'S life, and given Captain FOWKE a few weeks to travel in Italy and get up the Beautiful—then we can only say that their precipitation is the most headless blunder that has yet been laid to their charge. But the other doctrine, that those who have not joined in a great work may not criticize the doers of it, is more extraordinary still. It is what the preacher himself so eminently practises. We have just emerged from a controversy in which the conduct of the managers of schools was under discussion. They have been engaged for the last twenty years in a great work—the education of the people; and to this they have given their time and money freely, and without recompense. The sunshine of Court favour, and the early rain of knight-hoods, and the latter rain of baronetries, which are wont to convert into green pastures the dry ground of Exhibition labours, never refreshed their toil. Some errors in their management were alleged, and some changes were proposed which they resisted. Day after day, in consequence, we had the *Times* denouncing them as jobbers, leeches, harpies, and swindlers. Considering that they never had been the recipients, but only the unpaid cashiers of the public money, acting under strict regulation, this was one of the extremest cases of controversial unfairness of which we have had recent experience. Yet we prefer even this license of attack to the parasitic eulogy which it is now proposed to us to accept as our rule in discussing the conduct of great personages. We have hitherto been accustomed to consider that public criticism is a healthy check on public acts; and we are inclined to believe that, even in the case before us, it has borne fruit in the efforts, well-meaning, though faint, which the Commissioners have made to diminish the ugliness and the inconvenience of their arrangements. But if the opposite principle is adopted it must clearly go much further. If Lord GRANVILLE and his coadjutors are to be sacred to criticism, because their performance has cost them a good deal of trouble, there seems no good reason why Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI, whose mutual philippics must be exceedingly troublesome to prepare, should not enjoy a similar immunity.

The Commissioners, however, are very great personages, and must not only be defended from profane attack, but must be provided, in Royal fashion, with a whipping-boy. Mr. PALGRAVE, being a Government official, and bound to take all things meekly, has been selected to fulfil that

honourable office. The vigorous J. O., who acts as pedagogue on the occasion, lays on the stripes with such hearty vigour that you might almost imagine it was really Mr. PALGRAVE who had committed all the blunders which have given an evil name to the Commission. Whether he be guilty or not under J. O.'s indictment, it is clear that his alleged offences have served as a very convenient conductor for discharging harmlessly the public wrath that was gathering over the heads of his masters. In truth, of all their many sins, there is none for which they are so culpable as that which is connected with his name. Whether his criticism be right or wrong, is little to the question. If it have the effect of discouraging the future employment of Baron MAROCHETTI in metropolitan works of art, it is doubtful whether lovers of art in general will go into mourning on that account. But whatever the truth, he had a perfect right to propound his opinions, so long as he did not object to receiving hard words in return. The gross indecency of the proceeding was, that these opinions were sold, under the authority and in the name of the Commission, in order that each copy might carry twopence to the Commission's attenuated exchequer. For the sake of these twopences, the Commissioners were not ashamed to ridicule, in the very strongest language, the works of art, the loan of which they had begged and obtained as a favour from their owners or authors. Mr. PALGRAVE was, no doubt, glad enough to secure such a circulation for his book; and whether, in sharing his profits, the Commissioners were or were not making a merchandise of their own good faith, was no affair of his. They have somewhat discredibly pretended that they were ignorant of the censures the book contained. But this is clearly impossible; for, though Lord GRANVILLE may be in the habit of giving his official sanction to books he does not read, he must at least have read the prefatory dedication to himself, in which those censures are pointedly noticed. Moreover, the attention of the Commissioners was privately recalled to the book a week before it was publicly attacked. But the twopences were an imperious consideration. Those dish-cover domes are costly freaks of taste, and many twopences will be needed to pay the bill. If Baron MAROCHETTI feels wounded at the part his name has played in the proceeding, he must gaze on those mountains of glass, and in their ravishing beauty he must be content to find a recompense for his battered reputation. In the middle ages, they built towers with the proceeds of licenses to eat butter. In our more enlightened day the same object is effected, not by a license to eat butter yourself, but by a license to make mincemeat of your neighbour.

INTERNATIONAL OPINIONS.

IT has become nearly impossible to get a laugh out of the correspondence of the French newspapers on the subject of the Exhibition. The letters recently published are too obviously a fraud on the employers who pay their writers' expenses. At first sight, it is amusing enough to read a sketch of England, her politics, her arts, and her society, based on observations of the road between Leicester Square and Kensington; but the thing palls when one understands it to be the equivalent of the most ordinary tricks of the English penny-a-liner. Where the fault of the English newspaper emissary would be vulgarity, that of the Frenchman is, to put it as gently as possible, fiction. The Englishman revels in minute description, which he clothes in grandiloquent common-place. The French correspondent observes a little, invents a great deal more, and serves it all up in a sauce of generalisation. It is clear, however, that the French visitors who are writing to the Parisian journals rank, with perhaps one exception, much nearer the bottom than the top of their class. They answer rather to the recorder of the "painful sensations" which are occasioned in "neighbour-hoods" by the discovery of a murder, than to the chronicler of murders, sieges and battles.

The people who are surprised at the ignorant impertinence of M. ASSOLANT and his companions forget what is the natural impression made by foreign travel on ordinary or half-educated persons. So far is it from being true that a little knowledge of foreign neighbours gives a vulgar man a better opinion of them, the contrary result generally occurs, and he is usually disgusted by what he sees. When the Continent was opened to the English in 1815, the greater part of the books they published were crammed with contemptuous reflections on half the objects which "Murray" has since taught them to admire; and the feeling uppermost in each writer's mind seems to have been wonder that so

miserable a people, living on so wretched a soil, should so long have made head against the mighty strength of England. If English tourists have now a better appreciation of the countries they yearly swarm over, the cause lies partly in the fact that, by lavish expenditure of money, they have Anglicized nearly every inn and carriage in their route, and partly that they place themselves in the hands of guides superior to themselves in taste and knowledge. The correspondents of the French newspapers who have just been creating such a stir among us have as few advantages for understanding us as it is possible for a foreigner to have. They belong to the fourth or fifth class of literary scribe; they evidently speak no language but their own; they are compelled to live in bad hotels of a low Continental type; and they write for a public which contains few readers competent to detect their mistakes, and which nevertheless expects from them broad, confident, and generalized description. It is obvious that the greater part of their letters might just as well have been written in Paris as in London. Yet this is not, perhaps, the most curious feature of their correspondence. The strangest thing is that, where the ordinary ideas of Frenchmen about England happen to be sufficiently correct, these gentlemen seem to take especial pains to go wrong. One is prepared to find them observing on the mirthless physiognomy of the London population, because it is the fixed belief of their countrymen that every Englishman has the spleen. But, really, if there was one thing about England which might have been supposed to be better understood in France than another, it is the relation of the capital to the provinces. French journalists are every day contrasting centralized France with decentralized England; and yet M. ASSOLANT, because when he comes to London he finds it to be a very large city, at once writes home that it thrives on the desolation of the rest of the country. In minds of this calibre, observation either fails to interfere at all with preconceived ideas, or, if it disturbs them, it seems to disturb them just when they happen to be tolerably right.

It is, in fact, to the educated and to the cultivated among our neighbours that we must trust for the prospect of being understood on the Continent. Many of the most eminent among them are now in London, and are probably a great deal more indignant than we are at the caricatures of England which the correspondents are printing. In the long run, of course, writers like the contributors to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who seem to have made a special study of England, will be sure to overcome the stupid prejudices which date from the Great War, and survive in the literature of the theatres and *feuilletons*. At the same time, it is impossible not to feel some degree of regret at the small impression which essayists of this stamp appear to have made as yet on the popular mind. It is probably because the French writers usually read on this side of the Channel are the chiefs of French literature, that the correspondence of the French newspapers has been so much wondered at. Englishmen who judged the French press by GUIZOT, REMUSAT, or MONTALEMBERT, had naturally assumed that their country was at least as well known in Paris as France in London; but they forgot the distance by which the highest French minds are separated from the average French intellect. Unhappily, the real power is now wielded in France, not by the GUIZOTS, but by the ASSOLANTS. France is now governed on a system deliberately and carefully adapted to the mental habits of the least cultivated classes of Frenchmen. These classes take their opinions from the opinions of Paris, and the opinions of Paris are given by writers of the precise level of those gentlemen who have come over to report on the Exhibition. There is no doubt that the same too favourable view of the state of French knowledge on English subjects to which these letters have given a shock, answers to the much too favourable view of French feeling towards this country which is taken by many who esteem themselves wiser than Mr. COBDEN. Stray politicians from the best English society, who have passed a month or six weeks in listening to the brilliant conversation of Parisian drawing-rooms, return to assure us that England was never so much studied, never so much admired, never so much looked up to in France as at the present moment. This is quite true, if France be judged of—as for some purposes she is entitled to be—by the highest degree she marks on the intellectual thermometer. But, though they give her her rank among the nations, she is no longer governed by or for her great men. From them the sceptre has passed away, and the Sovereign who has succeeded to their power is one wiser, it is true, than the bulk of his countrymen, but entirely determined

never to let his own wisdom tempt him into running counter to any strong prejudice which may have taken possession of them. All that can be inferred from the accurate observation of which a certain class of writers on England give proof is, that, if statesmen of the same order came again into power in France, the alliance of the two countries might, in the absence of disturbing causes, be closer than ever. But, so long as the present system lasts, we are bound to remember that the opinion to which it is adjusted is wholly uninstructed on English subjects. The public which reads and believes in M. ASSOLANT and his sort is the same public on whose domestic prejudices the ruler of France has established the foundations of his throne.

IRISH CRIME.

IT needs much faith to speak with charity of the present, or with hope of the future, of Ireland. As one evil symptom or another seemed for the moment to be abating, Englishmen gladly seized the excuse to encourage and assist what was believed to be a genuine struggle against the barbarism which cleaves to the Irish race. Every display of successful industry was welcomed here with the hope that it might prove the commencement of an era of commercial civilization; and each temporary lull in the tumult of crime was idly believed to be a sign that the regenerated Irishman of the present day had at last learned to abhor the cowardly practice of assassination by which Ireland has never ceased to be disgraced. Not only the sanguine and sympathetic, but hard reasoners and dry economists looked upon the decrease of crime, and especially of agrarian murder, as an almost inevitable consequence of the growing prosperity of a country whose poverty had so long kept it in that stage of semi-barbarism which is perhaps more revolting than the unadulterated savagery of a tribe that makes no pretence to civilization. But it is hard to hope against hope; and recent accounts seem to show that systematic murder is still regarded by the Irish peasantry as a righteous means of retaining the possession of another man's land. If it were possible, one would gladly abstain from throwing the responsibility for crime upon any except the actual criminal; but the circumstances of the late Tipperary murders show beyond all shadow of doubt that the assassins counted, and not altogether without reason, upon the sympathies of the population in the midst of whom their crimes were committed. Whether this confidence sprang from the existence of a Riband Association, enjoining the death of its victims and appointing the executioners of its decrees—or whether it is to be attributed to the feeling which so many agitators have helped to create, that the slaughter of a landlord or an interloping tenant is an almost legitimate mode of propagating the socialist doctrines which are known in Ireland under the name of tenant-right—it is not very easy to say. But from whatever cause it may arise, the fact that murders are deliberately committed in broad daylight, without any attempt at disguise, does give to these Irish crimes a character very different from the isolated atrocities from which neither England nor any other country is or perhaps ever will be free.

Not to go further back than the accounts which have arrived in this month of May, we have a dismal catalogue. It begins with the murder of M. THIEBAULT, under circumstances of the true Tipperary type. M. THIEBAULT was a Roman Catholic, but, as has often been observed before, a common religion is no protection against the vengeance of a Riband Society. The unfortunate Frenchman is described as having been a kind and humane landlord, anxious to befriend industrious tenants; and it may be that the very desire to distinguish between the worthless and the deserving may have been the cause of his tragical fate. Three brothers named HALLORAN had been long in arrears with their rent, and were at length evicted, and the landlord, who resumed possession of his own land, was at once condemned. A letter addressed to his wife threatened him with "the death of ROE," a former owner who had been murdered on the same estate; and at four or five o'clock in the afternoon, the crime was committed in an open and frequented road, not half a mile from the murdered man's house, and within the hearing of several neighbours who offered no assistance. One man had passed and recognised the murderer a few minutes before in conversation with M. THIEBAULT. He heard two shots, saw the assassin going down the road, and went on his way without interfering. It was only after repeated denials and evasions that he was induced to admit that he recognised THOMAS HALLORAN

as the man whom he had seen. The same disposition to screen the murderer was shown by other witnesses.

The next case (which occurred in the same county about a week later) was almost identical in its circumstances, except that it was the incoming tenant instead of the landlord who was killed. MAGUIRE, like M. THIEBAULT, was a Roman Catholic, but he had committed the unpardonable offence of having taken a farm from which a former occupier named KENNEDY had been evicted. KENNEDY threatened to be revenged, and in a few days MAGUIRE was found murdered in a field where two of his own men were working, and close to a road along which the constabulary patrol had passed about the time when the crime was committed. Probably on account of the proximity of the police, the weapon selected was a knife instead of a gun, but beyond this there was no attempt at concealment; and the same disposition to screen the prisoner, which was the most revolting feature in M. THIEBAULT's case, was still more strikingly displayed at the inquest on MAGUIRE. A singular occurrence connected with the inquiry into this murder has since taken place. A knife and some clothes supposed to belong to the assassin were sent to the Professor of Chemistry in the Queen's College at Cork, to ascertain whether any trace of blood remained upon them. Before the report was made, the wing of the College which contained the laboratory was burned down, and the evidences of the murder were saved from the flames more by accident than anything else.

Passing over two assassinations in Belfast, which followed close upon the Tipperary murders, but were not, like them, connected with the occupation of land, a few days' later news brings an account of the murder, in the county of Limerick, of another Roman Catholic landlord. The atrocity of the crime was even more horrible than either of the Tipperary murders. Mr. FITZGERALD was standing by daylight, with his wife, at his own door, when he was shot through the head from behind a neighbouring hedge. So little precaution was thought necessary, that the gun was fired when a stranger was coming up the road. Fortunately, he was not of the class whose complicity could be reckoned on, and his information led to the immediate capture of one of the murderers and to the hot pursuit of the other. On this occasion, what used to be the invariable tactics of the Riband societies seem to have been revived, for the assassins selected to commit the crime were strangers to the neighbourhood, instead of being persons whose known grievances would point them out at once to suspicion. It is difficult to read such accounts as these without the conviction that they are not records of isolated crimes, but the first-fruits of a revival of the old system of terrorism which so long disgraced the Irish peasantry; nor is evidence wanting that the old encouragement will be given to agrarian crime by parading the supposed harshness of the landlord and tenant law as a palliation, if not a justification, for private revenge. Tenant-right agitators have already begun to hint in the Irish papers that the law is indirectly chargeable with Irish crime; and a Dublin alderman, who dared to express his horror at crimes which he looked upon as a disgrace to the character and religion of Ireland, was promptly assailed by a patriotic newspaper as a calumniator of his country. It is unhappily impossible to stay the propagation of doctrines which act as a direct inducement to the worst class of crimes, but it may be practicable to counteract their effect by the instant application of repressive measures. The plan of charging a district where a crime has been committed with the cost of the police required for the protection of life and property, has been one of the most efficacious methods of checking the tendency to encourage and sympathize with assassins, and the adoption of this form of pressure may go far towards rooting out the conspiracy which is showing itself again in the South and West. The moral effect of a Special Commission for the immediate trial of the prisoners who stand charged with the late murders would, moreover, act powerfully as a deterring influence, and it may be hoped that the Government of Ireland will not neglect either of these obvious means of suppressing the new Riband conspiracy.

There is one, and only one, redeeming feature in the present state of things, as compared with the old days when the murder of a parson or a landlord was almost certain to be palliated by the ministers of the popular Church. It has long been evident, from various unmistakeable hints, that the Roman Catholic clergy were cognizant of the projected revival of the Riband conspiracy, and in some instances, at any rate, they seem to have done their best to prevent the

relapse of their country into its old course of crime. The parish priest of Kilmallock, where Mr. FITZGERALD was murdered, has earnestly entreated his congregation to remove the stain upon their district by aiding, to the utmost of their power, in the conviction of the assassin; and, as it is tolerably certain that the actual perpetrator of the deed was a stranger, it is possible that these exhortations may not be without effect. We do not find, however, that the Tipperary clergy have been able, even if they have tried, to combat the sympathy which their people have palpably displayed for the murderers of M. THIEBAULT and MAGUIRE. That they feel the disgrace which is brought upon their country, it would be impossible to doubt, but even with the best dispositions, the power of the priesthood is not what it was; and indeed, though potent enough for evil, it has always proved too feeble to do much towards the repression of crime. Still, so far as it goes, the influence of the clergy appears to be enlisted against the Ribandmen, and the difficulty of eradicating the conspiracy will be proportionally reduced. If the law is enforced with energy, and, above all, with promptitude, it may yet be in time to stay the further progress of the plague.

EARNEST WRITING.

SOME of our readers may have seen a letter which Miss Isa Craig lately published on what she calls the cause of working women. Its object was to show that women ought to be allowed to work and not marry, if choice or unkind fate keeps them single. This opinion, which is entitled to every kind of respect, has been so often promulgated that it would call for no remark; but the style in which Miss Craig wrote may have caught the attention of those who watch with interest the turns of expression in which the supporters of the rights of women think proper to clothe the advocacy of their cause. It is a peculiarly earnest, highflying, and romantic English, which is offered less as a matter of taste than as a matter of duty. The ladies have got into the way of writing as a sort of tribute to their own claims on the respect of the world. "Working," we are told, "renders a woman free to serve the needs of the world." This is especially the case in the working classes, for there, "closer to the heart of nature, coming in contact with the great human needs of soul and body in their simplest forms, the communion of labour may be often found in its highest possible perfection." This is not bad English or wrong grammar, or in any way objectionable; but as a description of men and women hoeing together in a turnip field, it must be allowed to be rather flowery and solemn. We need not go on with further quotations, for this is as good a specimen as can be wanted, and we do not wish to laugh at Miss Craig, or to make fun of her expressions. After we have had our laugh out, if this sort of writing provokes a smile, the question still remains, why ladies write in this style; and as they have many male writers to support them, we may ask, how all this earnest writing has come into fashion? Every one knows what earnest writing is like. We are familiar with the class of authors who speak of "God's free air," and "God's truth," and so on. The last favourite expression of this school, we observe, is to speak of people being "intensely human," of writing from "a broadly human point of view," of "satisfying deep human needs." It is a stirring sort of phrase in its way. But why do these authors like this style? That imitation of well-known writers is in a great measure the basis of the taste is indisputable; but there is something more than imitation in the present outpouring of earnest writing. It must satisfy some general feeling or want, or it could not be so popular.

The simplest explanation is, we think, the true one. People use earnest writing because they wish to be earnest. They do not ask themselves the exact meaning of their phrases, but they adopt language which accords with the frame of mind in which they are. They seem elevated when they call the air "God's air;" and they are really happier when they can see that a spinster laundress is more "free to serve the needs of the world." They wish a particular effect to be produced on their own feelings, which is produced when they say that a little bit of a friend's poetry is "intensely human." They strive to see God at work in His universe, and they picture to themselves faintly a collective glory of mankind which shines out in the efforts of the individual they love. These are great ideas, and they cling to them. But they would not express them so habitually and so forcibly unless they were also animated by a feeling of opposition. They wish to free themselves from the cold, accurate, sceptical indifference of the modern world. They resolve by an effort of the will to see things differently. But they are sensible that the modern world holds on its way, and is very powerful. They have also a secret fear that their way of thinking and talking, though right and true, will not bear critical examination. They therefore use language which is at once a profession of faith and a means of reassuring themselves. Language has a strange and subtle influence on thought, and the mere fact that certain expressions have been used colours the mind. There is something of the same mental process gone through by the young earnest writer that there is by a Roman Catholic convert. The convert says to himself, "I am determined to believe." The young earnest writer says, "I am determined to look at life in a par-

ticular way." There is no exact insincerity in either case. But it is because it is so difficult to make this effort of will that thousands hesitate to become converts, or to write and think after the fashion of the earnest school. The will of these waverers will not lift them over the last barrier. Their minds are not so constructed that they can close their mental vision and rush at this final leap. Those who can may profit, perhaps, by doing so; and certainly the more they go on the easier it is to do it. The expressions they have used become a part of their way of thinking, and very soon any other style would seem unnatural and almost wrong. We imagine that Miss Craig would feel it to be a sadly empty unmeaning thing to say that, if women and men work together, the women can help to earn money for themselves and their families. She would abandon her position and lower her ideal unless she said, that when poor women and men work together, "the communion of labour is close to the heart of nature."

There is, however, in earnest writing, something more than a resolve to see a high ideal in the world, and a spirit of opposition to the abhorred calmness of sceptical good sense. Each of the two chief classes of earnest writers has a battle of its own. First, there are the ladies. They now wish to stand in a different position towards men. They wish to be allowed to earn their own bread in free competition with male labourers of every calling. They ask not to be debarred from the opportunity of avoiding matrimony, or from the privilege of despising it. If they have no one to support them, they must support themselves. As we have said, we think this claim ought to be treated with respect. Where they can work without doing more harm than good, we do not know why they should not do so. They do not generally do their male critics full justice. Men, or at least reasonable men, do not urge the great advisability of women marrying simply because they want wives who will be ignorant and helpless enough to obey them like spaniels. This is the way in which lady writers are good enough ordinarily to put the matter; but it is not quite a true way. Men wish women to marry for the sake of the women. And this is not only because they see that women are happier and safer in a family. It is in a great measure because single women are so much inferior in character to married women—so much more petty, censorious, fussy, and disagreeable, so much less matured, and in perfection. If the single women cannot marry, of course there is an end of the question; and it might be conceded that once or so in a hundred thousand women, there is a character so saintly, sweet, and lofty, that marriage seems not only unnecessary for her, but a mistake in her. These are wholly exceptional cases, and do not affect the general result. Partly from a wish not to see their own domain invaded, but still more from a desire not to see the standard of knowledge and skill lowered, and most of all from an honest anxiety that women should be all they can be, men certainly do exercise a sort of passive tacit opposition to the "friends of woman's dignity," which we can conceive is rather exasperating. The ladies wish, very naturally, to crush their opponents, and the readiest way of crushing them is to exhibit an overwhelming moral superiority. To their great delight they find an engine ready at their door. There is the satisfactory instrument of earnest writing. To argue in plain English is not a very triumphant process, but to know when things are close to the heart of nature and intensely human, and to use this knowledge unsparingly—to write, in short, as if a private oracle had revealed that the stars in their courses, and the principles of the universe, and all the Old Testament Prophets are on the side of the ladies—is a most overpowering weapon of offence; and as it costs absolutely nothing in the way of trouble or thought to use it, no wonder the ladies do not neglect it.

They did not invent this weapon. Earnest writing is of older date than woman's wrongs or rights. Perhaps Mr. Carlyle may be credited with a good part of the invention, and a very curious use he must think his invention has come to. We fear that his new description of "distressed needlewomen" would go to Miss Isa Craig's heart. In these intensely human supplies of human needs, Mr. Carlyle only sees "mutinous maid-servants, arriving at the final upshot of their anarchy." Rosewater philanthropy has calmly stolen the thunder of the Veracities and Eternities, and uses it as its own. From Mr. Carlyle the earnest style passed into theology, and through theology it came down to ordinary newspaper discussion. We do not wish to criticise this theology; but we may venture to say that it had these two characteristics—bearty general belief, and an illimitable haziness of thought as to details. This exactly accorded with Mr. Carlyle's mode of regarding things, and it also accords very well with the view of regarding politics current among those who set out with a contempt for the usual humdrum of Parliamentary discussions, but do not know what they want to substitute. There is something very encouraging at first in reading about the Veracities and Eternities, and there is also something very alluring in the notion that our superior intelligence enables us to stand above the arena of passing politics. But, by and by, we feel rather at a loss to know what is a Veracity and what is not. We begin to suspect that there is almost as much uncertainty about Veracities and Eternities as there is in the labyrinth of wild guesses which is offered as "Art criticism." We want to be sure in politics that there is something more in a cause than that it is high and holy. We want to see that it has a chance of winning, and that if it did win, it would not create more evils than it removed. Most people come tacitly to abandon the big way of regarding things as beyond their scale. They simply omit the Veracities and Eternities

from their calculation. They go into the facts of current history, and study the details of politics. They only look to what is practical and intelligible. Perhaps they make a mistake in doing so, but they consider that they really have not the time and power to do otherwise. A certain number of people, however, feel as if this would be degrading to them. They cling to their Veracities and their enthusiastic politics, as to the bases of their belief. They cannot bridge over the chasm which separates the ideal and the real; but they can at least do this much—they can talk about the real in the language of the ideal. They can console themselves for hazy thinking by earnest writing.

Stern and more prosaic people may confess, without shame, to having a tenderness for these earnest writers. There is something touching in this grasping at the skirts of a flying dream. Perhaps ladies who think they are near to the heart of nature, and men who are sure the side they select is high and holy, are to be envied. A young man who talks Carlylese, and thinks he has got hold of the Everlasting Yes, is as interesting as a young lady who is going to be married. But common sense will have its way in the world. Earnest writing is a fashion that will perish. We know how many fashions of the sort have perished, and cannot expect our grandchildren to talk about the turnip-hoeing of women as bringing them close to the heart of nature. This phraseology will die out when the circumstances that have made it flourish have changed. In the course of time, women will get used to their cause, and will discuss it in the English in which men discuss Tenant-right or a Reform Bill. A lofty and hazy theology will give place to other forms of speculation. We should not wish to prolong for a moment the reign of earnest writing beyond the period of its natural decay; but while it lasts we can see in it something that is not ridiculous. It ought to be gently ridiculed every now and then, or it would get too rampant, and would pass from a social phenomenon into a social bore. It must be kept within modest limits, but it is one of those things which we like, though we laugh at them. There is, indeed, a florid type of eloquent, wordy, earnest writing, to be found chiefly in Scotland, which is wholly a nuisance; but the gentle simple type is not without a pleasingness even in its weakness.

HIGH JINKS IN HIGH PLACES.

SET a beggar on horseback, and we know at what pace he will go. Is there anything in the woollack which turns its occupant's head? Is it that a Chancellor has his negative and positive poles, and that the seat of honour draws off the spirits from the seat of intellect? What has come over Lord Westbury, that, for the first time in his life, he has played the fool? Sir Richard Bethell, we all know, was possessed of several of what, in slang language, are called idiosyncracies; and courtesy, gentleness, dignity, and forbearance are graces that we might reasonably have supposed he would have cultivated, now that he has leisure to cultivate a new crop of social virtues. *Noblesse oblige*. The peerage almost compels a man to be polite. The very atmosphere of the Upper House—the lazy land "in which it seemed always afternoon"—invites civility. It almost tamed in other years that terrible Cornet of Horse; and the wildest of lawyers yields in the long run to the placid genius of the sacred place. A Thurlow unlearns his bluster, and only mumbles over his oaths, and we have seen a Brougham read lessons in all the amenities to perfervid though septuagenarian law lords. To be sure, like all other virtues, courtesy is an accomplishment to be learned. We make all allowance for the first flutter of a virgin gown, even if it is of gold and ermine. A Freshman is allowed some merciful and contemptuous license of folly. A wild elephant, if he is tethered between two of the dullest of captives, is sure to exhibit a few vicious tricks before he submits. We can quite afford to allow a Westbury to have a playful kick or two between a Chelmsford and a Cranworth. Nobody was very much surprised at the first frolics of the ebullient Chancellor, when he first dashed into the arena of the House of Lords. In fact, it was rather fun than otherwise. It was somewhat like a Spanish bull-fight. There was the *picador*, light of foot, wary, active, and not very resolute at bottom. The young bull, fresh from the pastures of the Lower House, received his first prick with an audible snort, and very decided vehemence of resentment. Squib and dart, shawls and red rag, to provoke him, were not wanting. The bull bounced and flounced, and tore about madly, and tossed savagely, and bled copiously; but, to do him justice, there was no *matador* to give the final and scientific thrust of mercy or justice. The great debate on the officers of the Bankruptcy Court was vulgar, noisy, and unpleasant; but there was no death-struggle in it. It only showed the temper of the noble animal who was baited, and the ingenious malice and activity of his wary foes. It argued considerable indiscretion in the Chancellor to show that he was always ready to fly out at the first red cloak which any Tory might flutter in his face.

And so, on the recent occasion, when he put a venerable bishop on the rack, some sort of allowance was made for old habits. As soon expect the Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots, as a lawyer in the first six months of his Chancellorship to forego the dear delight of cross-examining a witness. To be sure there was something a little undignified, not to say childish, in the way in which the playful Speaker of the House of Lords justified while he confessed, and boasted while he pretended to deplore, his lively little eccentricities. An old maid giving herself girlish airs, sporting like a sexagenarian kid, and apologizing with a merry wheeze over her frolicsome

airiness, is not a nice picture; but it is recalled by Lord Westbury's manner when he makes his comic confessions and owns to one more venial irregularity. Whether he winked his eye or sucked his thumb when he acknowledged the censure of the severe Buccleuch, we are not aware; but we are quite confident that he pulled a funny face behind the noble Duke's back. The worst of it is that one gets tired of this sort of thing. It hardly bears repetition. Mrs. Skewton's girlish lisp was not so bad for a single rehearsal; but we soon get tired of very old and very sportive lambkins, especially on a seat so dignified as the woolstack.

And so everybody made allowances, or at least admitted that all this was too good to last. The new robe would soon get dulled, the Chancellorship would lose its gloss, the *novitas regni* would lose its flavour and charm, and there was every chance of Bethell soon becoming dull, decorous, and comparatively civil. But the last occasion on which he has exhibited himself, shows that the great lawyer is in a hopeless case. Nobody thought that he would have lost his head; but the greatest and subtlest intellect must yield to vanity. Success ruins as many minds as failures. The most premeditated hoax, the most craftily devised trap, could not have succeeded half so well as the pitfall which Lord Elcho unconsciously dug for a wary Chancellor's prudence. The thing itself was so solemnly absurd—the notion of the Speaker of the House of Commons coming forward to deliver a serious cartel to the Chancellor to exhibit themselves in a rifle-match—was in itself so grotesque that it ought to have at least aroused suspicion, especially in a legal breast, where confidence does not usually find a congenial soil. Dr. Campbell or the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* are the only parallel cases of such infatuation. The only excuse which can be offered for the judicial blindness which overpowered the Chancellor's faculties is in the dulness of the session. Anything's fun in the country; and anything to relieve the dread monotony of the crimson benches of the House of Lords would be seized on with avidity by the mercurial Speaker. Had the challenge been to jump in sacks or to climb a greasy pole, we could, if he had accepted it, make some allowance for his desire to escape from bore. Only not to have seen the inherent absurdity of the thing at the first blush—only to have been blind to the utter improbability of the grave and reverend Speaker of the Commons playing the fool—was not Lord Westbury's fault. It was simply his misfortune to have been incapable of smelling the rat. But the way in which he showed the natural man, the rich unctuous relish with which he accepted this very vulgar bait to his vanity, the oily satisfaction and smacking of the lips with which he swallowed the greasy lump which he considered a testimony to his own importance, the mock humility and counterfeit sedateness with which "your Chancellor" once more craved indulgence for the little wildness of enthusiasm with which he had ventured to anticipate the public spirit of the noble lords—all this discovered the real inner nature. A commonplace lord—though the case is a supposition almost reaching to an impossibility—might not perhaps have seen that there was something wrong about the supposed challenge; but nobody but Lord Westbury would have put on the melodramatic airs and have used the sensation language which he indulged in when questioned by Lord Granville. We only hope that he was for once in earnest, and that he really was taken in by Lord Elcho's misapprehension of the Speaker. This is the most favourable view of the incident. But there is an aspect of Lord Westbury's conduct which is no joking matter. He may have considered the whole peevish of England a *corpus vile* on which to exhibit his powers of playing the fool, and of making sport of the Lords. He may have thought the Upper House the congenial place for performing high jinks. He may deem the woolstack of England the best spot for insulting the Lords Spiritual and Temporal. There was in his defence of his "last little irregularity" and his contemptuous sneer at the Duke of Buccleuch, a scarcely veiled consciousness that he was laughing at the noble beards around him; and that he very well knew that he was only making a fool of himself in order more effectually to make fools of the House of Lords. The choice is between folly and impudence. Either Lord Westbury is very easily gulled, or he is very refined in his affronts to the House of Lords. As far as his own character and the dignity of his high office is concerned, the alternative is not a pleasant one for the first lay subject of the realm.

THE WHITTINGTON CLUB AGITATION.

FLOGGING the dead horse is a proverbially unprofitable exercise of industry, and is not usually considered an exciting amusement. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the proceedings of the provincial and parochial demagogues who, on Tuesday and Wednesday last, held what is called a "National Reform Conference" at the Whittington Club, have contributed little to the instruction or entertainment of the public. The inevitable Mr. George Wilson is not a lively chairman, and he was unsupported by a single speaker capable of lending interest to an obsolete agitation. For some four or five hours on two consecutive mornings, the flow of twaddle was uninterruptedly sustained by orators who were judiciously restricted to five minutes per head; and the proceedings of the Conference were appropriately wound up by an evening public meeting which is not stated to have been numerously attended, and which the Radical journals are contented to report within the limits of a quarter of a column. There is one really interesting piece of information which we might reasonably have hoped to elicit from the promoters of the movement, but which is unfortunately withheld. When, where, how,

and by whom were these hundred and forty "delegates" elected, who, as it seems, "represent the various towns of England and Scotland," and "the various districts of the metropolis?" On this curious and not unimportant point, the National Reformers are altogether silent. There is not a word from the beginning to the end of their reported proceedings from which it can be even remotely conjectured by what title they claim to speak for the entire town population of Great Britain. It is tantalizing to read of "members" for Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and London, and not to have the faintest notion of the process by which they were returned. It may be feared that some at least of these gentlemen have acquired the dignity of popular representatives by a mode of procedure fully as anomalous as that which was once familiar to the two or three resident inhabitants of Gatton.

The two days' talk of the Conference appears to have almost exclusively turned on the question, which of two irreconcilably antagonistic sections should sacrifice its principles and convictions for the sake of procuring the insincere cooperation of the other in a combined assault on the existing Constitution. The delegates were unanimous in desiring a good roaring agitation, but they had the extreme difficulty in determining what they were to agitate for. Two opposite and apparently incompatible opinions were represented in about equal force, and were enunciated in terms which seemed utterly to preclude an honest compromise. There was the "manhood suffrage" party, which could be contented with nothing short of the unconditional enfranchisement of the seven million male adults of the United Kingdom; and there was the moderate and temporising party, which shrank from the unpromising task of calling on the actual constituencies to make over the Government of the country to a class five times as numerous as themselves. On the one hand, it was urged, with obvious force, that it would be idle to expect the seven million male adults to agitate for constitutional innovations from which they were to derive no visible benefit; and it must be owned that if, as one speaker remarked, no good would ever be done "unless they were prepared to march down Parliament-street two hundred thousand strong," it would be impossible to give the movement too decided a revolutionary flavour. On the other hand, it was plausibly contended that it might be prudent to court the cooperation of that not inconsiderable number of the existing tenpounders who, while adverse to sweeping democratic change, are supposed to feel a certain languid and traditional sympathy with the claims of the typical "working-man." For a long time the wordy war between the two parties was waged with seemingly equal fortune; and as the controversy was entirely irrespective of any practical advantages likely to result from either course, in the shape of wiser legislation or better government, it is wonderful that it ever came to a conclusion at all.

The disputants, as we have said, were fairly pitted against each other. If it had been prearranged that every speaker should flatly contradict his predecessor, and be contradicted in his turn by his successor, the programme of the proceedings could not have been more impartially adjusted. No sooner did a Manchester member suggest a rate-paying franchise as an expedient for conciliating moderate reformers than a London delegate "entirely repudiated the compromise," and roundly declared that, unless they went for manhood suffrage, "the Conference would have met in vain." Mr. Baines, speaking in the new character of representative of Bingley, deprecated "extreme courses," and endeavoured to temper the zeal of his more eager friends by the agreeable information that only thirteen persons could be got to attend an extensively placarded Reform meeting in that town. He was followed, however, by a Rochdale gentleman, who "emphatically asserted that the men of the North would never again be drawn into a mere sham agitation," and that nothing short of universal suffrage would now arouse them. Bristol was painfully impressed with the conviction that "no measure could succeed which did not satisfy the moderate reformers," and would willingly accept a 6*l.* franchise; but Islington "could recognize no cry but that of manhood suffrage." A reverend delegate even went a step further, and energetically urged that "they ought to stand on the principle taught them in the Bible, that all men were created upon a perfect social equality;" and another gentleman was clear that "no progress would be made till they took their stand on the great question of the rights of man." Yet it was equally plain to their more judicious colleagues that social equality and the rights of man could not be too carefully kept in the background. A member from Leeds shocked the Conference with the statement that there "were not half a dozen respectable men in his town who would assist in any way in an endeavour to obtain manhood suffrage;" and a Manchester delegate declared that the same remark would be strictly applicable to his constituents. And so the seesaw went on until some of the delegates began to get crusty, and to make unpleasant remarks, even to the effect that "the working classes were not properly represented in that meeting," any more than in another place. At one time it appeared as if the Conference would be hopelessly unable to choose between a resolution and an amendment respectively embodying the diametrically opposite views of the men of principle and the men of expediency. Mr. Wilson's practised tact, however, succeeded in allaying the storm, and unanimity was at length secured by the device of passing a neutral-tinted vote which ingeniously combined the two discordant elements. A resolution was concocted and accepted with general approval, recognising "the deep conviction of the people in favour of manhood suffrage," and adding a polite expression of the Conference's "full sympathy"

with that conviction, but suggesting that, for the sake of "uniting all classes of real reformers," "the country" should content itself with demanding a rate-paying franchise. That is to say, the country is recommended to agitate for something which must necessarily fail to satisfy the deep conviction of the people, and all classes of real reformers are to be united by sinking a legitimate claim which commands the sympathizing recognition of the Reform delegates. In this delectable specimen of political logic and philosophy we have the last and finished expression of the collective wisdom of the National Reform Conference.

It is hardly necessary to waste a serious word on a business which carries insincerity and humbug on its face. The most extraordinary thing about this singularly unimpressive "demonstration" is, that men, some of whom are not without a certain sort of political experience, should imagine that public opinion in England is to be influenced or created by collecting a number of the very dulllest mediocrities that can be found in town or country, and setting them to utter in solemn conference, for a couple of days together, the very stupidest platitudes that were ever shaped into articulate speech. If there were such a thing as a genuine desire on the part of any considerable section of the community for what is called Reform, Mr. George Wilson and his Conference would be almost enough to put an extinguisher on it. Under these circumstances, this Whittington Club movement simply serves to remind observant politicians of the prodigious interval which separates the year 1862 from that not remote period when Whig and Tory leaders vied with each other in bidding for the support of the champions of the "intelligent working-man." It is difficult to realize the fact that the existing Government was formed specially to gratify that imaginary national demand of which Mr. Wilson and his delegates are, at present, the only audible or visible exponents.

WHY MR. SMITH BOUGHT HIS HOUSE.

WE were once journeying in the county of Essex, when we chanced to pass by a small house and garden which in themselves presented nothing to distinguish them from hundreds of other small houses and gardens, but which, as we presently learned, had a history which certainly distinguishes them from any other house and garden which we ever heard of. Before the house, close to the road, was a large board—nothing again very wonderful—as it might be expected to be only a sign that the house was "to be Sold or Let." But the unusual length of the inscription led us to stop and look at it, and when we had once begun, there certainly was no stopping till we got to the end. The object of the board was far from being anything so commonplace as to announce that the house was "to be Sold." The matter of the inscription was not prophecy, but history. It was not an advertisement, but a record—a record, too, of political sufferings and political victories—an autobiography of a brave man struggling against ill-fortune, and coming out conqueror in the end. Instead of telling us that the house was to be sold, it told us that it had been sold and bought too, by whom it had been bought, and why he bought it. And the board tells its story well. It has no introductory matter, no circumlocutions, no preliminaries—it goes at once to the main fact. "This freehold cottage was purchased by Mr. John Smith." Going only thus far, our feeling is to congratulate Mr. John Smith on attaining the rank of freeholder, and at the same time to wonder why he should announce the fact to the world by a large board in front of his house. We doubt not that many other John Smiths have purchased freehold cottages, but this was the first John Smith, as far as we knew, who had thought good to publish his purchase in this particular way. But he would be quite wrong who should set down Mr. Smith's board as a mere crotchet—as a mere instance of those peculiarities of taste on which discussion is thrown away. Mr. John Smith is clearly a man who does nothing without a reason. Other John Smiths may have purchased freehold cottages, but no other John Smith is likely to have purchased a freehold cottage for exactly the same reason that made our John Smith purchase his. We never saw a man's reasons for purchasing his house set forth in this particular way, but then we never heard of any man who purchased his house for exactly the same reasons as Mr. Smith. The cause of the purchase is so exceptional as fully to justify the exceptional way in which the world is informed of the fact. But no one can do justice to Mr. Smith but Mr. Smith himself. Here, then, is a full and accurate copy of the inscription on the board which explains why Mr. Smith bought his house—

This freehold cottage was purchased by Mr. Jn. Smith, of Sutton Valence, in commemoration of the glorious victories obtained by the Liberals in West Kent at the elections in 1857, when the following letter was written by the Rev. X. Y., of Z Rectory, near this place, to Mr. Jn. Smith, his tenant, in Kent:—

Dear Sir,—I hope in a few days to fix the time for coming down to Maidstone to receive the rents. The object of my present letter is respecting the election. I do hope you are, with myself, a good Conservative, and that you will vote for Sir Walter Riddell at the approaching election. Landlords and tenants should always vote on the same side, and if we proceed to a new lease it will be one of my stipulations for the future.

Yours very truly,

X. Y.

The tenant did not vote according to the hope of the landlord, and the farm was let to another.

Such is the tale. We have taken no liberty with Mr. Smith's statement, except to conceal the name of the offending landlord and the name of his living. As it is not he who has published

them, this seems only fair towards him. As for Mr. John Smith, as he glories in all that he has done and suffered, there can be no possible reason for concealing his name.

Mr. Smith is clearly a practical man. His cause wins a victory, and he wishes to do something to commemorate the victory. Now there are many ways of commemorating victories. Some people commemorate them by dancing, others by dining; some by odes in verse, others by orations in prose; some commemorate them by setting up monuments of bronze or marble, others by simply voting that monuments shall be set up, and then forgetting to set them up. But all these things are useless, and some of them are costly. None of them makes the cause which has gained one victory any the nearer to gaining another. Many of them cost money which might be far better spent in buying powder and shot for the next battle. The practical mind of Mr. Smith saw all this, and he determined that the Liberal victory in West Kent should be commemorated, as far as he was concerned, in a really practical way. The Liberal cause, as we infer from the story, lost one of its bulwarks in West Kent—Mr. John Smith, the martyr of his principles, lost his place on the register of electors. Here was a loss to be repaired as well as a victory to be commemorated. Mr. Smith might have taken another farm in West Kent, but then his new landlord might have held the same notions about freedom of election as the old one. He might have purchased a cottage in West Kent, but that would have merely given him a vote where he had one before. Mr. John Smith's mind was set upon greater things. Like a Hannibal or a Heraclius, he would carry the war into the enemy's country. The East-Saxon had, in the pride of his heart, invaded West Kent; the children of Hengest had been too much for him; the White Horse had trampled him under foot; defeated and disgraced, he had taken refuge within his own borders. The victor should press on, he should pursue, he should overtake, he should divide the spoil. The trophy to commemorate the West-Kentish victory should be set up nowhere but on the soil of the intruder. Smith the Conqueror purchased his freehold cottage, as near as might be to the dwelling of his once persecutor, but now discomfited enemy. Here he stood, in the parson's own county, as near as he could get to the parson's own rectory, as good a man as the parson himself. He was a freeholder—a small freeholder it might be, but still a freeholder—an independent citizen with his vote in his own keeping, and with his hands in his own breeches-pockets. If he had no tenants of his own to intimidate, he had at least no landlord to intimidate him. He could walk to the polling-booth on his own feet—such a patriot would never be driven at another man's cost—with the proud thought that his vote, here, not in liberated Kent but in conquered Essex, counted for just as much as the vote of his oppressor. His acres might be fewer, as his name was shorter, but the law gave him one vote. Were his acres increased a thousandfold, were Smith even developed into Smijth, it was most certain that the law would not give him two. It is hard to conceive a moment of more perfect triumph than when the stout yeoman first gave his vote for Essex, and felt that he had, at all events, completely neutralized the vote of his former landlord.

Mr. Smith's way of announcing his doings to the world is, as we have confessed, peculiar. But then the whole circumstances of the case are peculiar. An exceptional story justifies an exceptional record—a special triumph needs a special Gazette. It would have been easy for Mr. Smith to give his house some appropriate name. One has heard of "Liberty Hall;" and if that were too hackneyed, "Independence Cottage," "Purity of Election Villa," "No Surrender Castle," would all have been fitting titles for the dwelling of the triumphant Smith. But they would have told the story only to the initiated. Myths might have grown up; a generation might arise which knew not Smith, and which might attribute his victories to another. So, again, any effort of symbolical art might have been misunderstood. The Calf of Essex flying before the Genius of the Constitution mounted on the Kentish steed, would be a grand subject for a skillful sculptor, but its meaning would be liable to be mistaken. Mr. Smith knew better. Good wine needs no bush, and a great action is best commemorated by the simplest record. Nobody ever told his story more straightforwardly than Mr. Smith. No one is further removed from the grand style. His tale does not contain a single allusion to a single individual. Bating a technical word or two, which could not be helped, Horsa himself might understand the tale as Mr. Smith tells it. There is not a single metaphor, and only one epithet, from beginning to end. "Glorious victory" is a sort of natural, almost Homeric, formula; it is like "gracious Sovereign," or like the other formula of "unnatural rebellion," which so puzzled the omniscient Mr. Buckle. Then the terse pithiness of the last paragraph is beyond all praise. "The tenant did not vote according to the hope of the landlord, and the farm was let to another." The facts could not be told in fewer words, and yet those few words not only tell the fact perfectly—they add the whole sentiment of the story, with a vigorous flavour of sarcasm into the bargain. Then, too, Mr. Smith, like an honest historian, gives his authorities, quotes his documents. He does not analyse or abridge, but gives the letter at full length. We know the whole history of Smith and his landlord from the original authorities. Had we had to deal with a man who knew the historian's duties less perfectly than Mr. Smith, we might only have got it at secondhand. In fact, we wish that a good many of our great writers would go to school to Mr. Smith. We cannot help thinking that we have found in our Smith the needful antidote to our Butter. We look on Mr. Smith not only as an independent politician, a sufferer and a conqueror in a great cause, but also as

a great master of the English tongue, and one who thoroughly knows how history ought to be written.

The letter of the landlord is a less successful composition. No doubt Mr. Smith knew that when he copied it at length. "The object of my present letter is respecting the election." Mr. Smith would have scorned to write such a sentence. Nor, had Mr. Smith's politics been of the highest Tory colour, would he have said, "I do hope you are, with myself, a good Conservative." Then there is the chief matter of the letter—the new and strange stipulations in the intended new lease. We should be curious to see their legal form and to know their legal effect. But let this pass. What were the stipulations to be? The dogma is that "landlords and tenants should always vote on the same side." Probably the reverend landlord did not see that this doctrine was ambiguous, but we feel sure that Mr. Smith did. "Landlords and tenants should always vote on the same side." Granted; but which is to determine the side to be taken—the landlord or the tenant? No one can say that the sentence directly settles it either way. Indeed, the arrangement of the words would rather make one think that the stipulation was to be that the landlord should follow the political lead of the tenant. We feel no doubt that Mr. Smith knew the world far too well to act upon any such construction; but a man as honest and less experienced might well have been taken in, and might have gone away complaining of his oppressor's perfidy as well as his tyranny.

We will not enter here upon the general question of the political duties of landlords and tenants. But one thing is clear—that in this case the reverend landlord made a thorough mistake. Small tenants, hereditary tenants, living round about a landlord who acts as a landlord should act, will generally vote as the landlord wishes, without coercion, almost without asking. The Smith case implies quite another state of things. Here is a tenant, seemingly well-to-do, and certainly with fixed opinions of his own. The landlord lives in another county, and is probably known only as the receiver of certain rents. The tenant looks on him, not as the protector, the adviser, the head of the clan, but simply as a man with whom he has made a commercial bargain on equal terms. He feels that his landlord has no more business to command him than he has to command his landlord. To use towards such a man anything like threats or coercion, to preach to him any abstract doctrine about the duty of landlords and tenants voting together, might have been seen, by any man possessing an average amount of common sense, to be the surest way to defeat his own end.

A POSSIBLE FOREIGN MINISTER.

IT is worth while at this moment to contemplate Mr. Disraeli as an expectant Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It is convenient to do so in the light of his recent speeches. They exhibit the Conservative leader in a somewhat new light. Whereas it is usual for Mr. Disraeli to display only what may be called the negative side of his political character, we see in those speeches some glimpses of a more positive side. Hitherto, his chief skill has been shown in avoiding the expression of any opinion whatever on foreign affairs. Generally, when he rises during any discussion of these topics, it is only to warn the House of Commons in magniloquent language of the vast importance of the "interests" involved, and the diffidence with which these "great affairs" ought to be discussed, and then to utter some mysterious sentences of impressive sound and doubtful meaning. He does, indeed, occasionally go so far as to pay an elaborate compliment to a foreign sovereign, especially if that sovereign happens to be a despot. But he seldom goes further than this. The consistency with which he has concealed his opinions on foreign affairs is quite admirable. Had he not betrayed this tendency to admire despots, it might have been said a short time ago that we knew nothing of Mr. Disraeli's opinions on questions of foreign policy. The pages of Hansard might perhaps be searched in vain for any memorable utterance of Mr. Disraeli's on the Eastern question, on Poland, or on Hungary. But all this only renders his recent manifesto of more value. And, read in the light of the past, these speeches leave little reason for doubting what manner of Foreign Secretary we should have in Mr. Disraeli.

Mr. Disraeli is probably sincere when he expresses his desire for an intimate alliance with France, based on our adoption of French policy. He rightly anticipates that the French Government would more often achieve results satisfactory to himself, if, instead of being hampered by the "moral influence" of England, it were simply amused from time to time by a modest suggestion of objections advanced only to be readily withdrawn before Imperial arguments. Perhaps some of Mr. Disraeli's Tory followers, wholly out of sympathy as they are with modern English feeling, would join him in applauding the results of such an alliance. But it scarcely admits of a question whether they would, for the sake of the results, tolerate an alliance on the terms which Mr. Disraeli proposes. But Mr. Disraeli himself not only prefers a pure French policy to French policy modified by English influence—on more than one occasion he has shown that he cherishes no little admiration for the French Emperor. The cleverness and success of Louis Napoleon have always seemed to possess a charm for Mr. Disraeli. The details of the great crime of the 2nd of December still rang in the ears of men, when Mr. Disraeli went out of his way to express his respect for "that prince." When the avowed partisans of Napoleon in this country were abashed by the annexation of Savoy, Mr. Disraeli was at the trouble to devise against the Palmerston Government an ingenious but groundless charge

of connivance or culpable neglect in the matter, in order that he might enlarge, even at that moment, on the "good faith and straightforwardness" of the Emperor. And now we are presented with an equally characteristic comment on the occupation of Rome by the forces of the President of the Republic. M. de Tocqueville, who was at the time Louis Napoleon's Foreign Minister, has himself told us that the object of the French Government in taking that step was twofold. It was desired, first, to counteract the influence of Austria, and secondly, to protect the Head of the Catholic Church. The common consent of Europe has found yet a third motive in the natural desire of a weak Government to flatter the vanity of the French people. It remained for Mr. Disraeli to discover that the occupation of Rome was but a necessary and legitimate act of self-defence. So guileless, so public-spirited, so straightforward is the Sovereign whose policy Mr. Disraeli thinks is too boldly criticised by the English Parliament. He, on the contrary, would have us contentedly accept it, or oppose it only with faltering tongue and bated breath.

In spite of his cleverness, there appears from time to time in Mr. Disraeli's speeches an absurdity that would be completely ruinous to the reputation of most politicians. The grotesque use he sometimes makes of historical precedents would be ludicrous in a student who had never read a newspaper. It is positively astonishing in a man who has been a quarter of a century in the House of Commons, and for fifteen years the leader of a great party. During the year after he left office in 1859, Mr. Disraeli enunciated only one opinion on foreign affairs; but he enunciated it with all the emphasis that the author of a great discovery is justified in using. There was then considerable prospect of a Congress being held, in which the difficulties of the Italian question might receive a pacific solution. "Whatever you do," cried Mr. Disraeli again and again with unusual pertinacity, "do not enter a Congress. In 1815, England took part in a Congress, and made herself liable to certain onerous obligations. If you enter a Congress now, you must inevitably do the same." In the fourteenth century, France acquired considerable influence through the residence of the Popes at Avignon. Therefore, says Mr. Disraeli, the residence of the Pope at the present day in France or Austria would be a serious menace to the other Powers of Europe. And we must conclude that it is only through the special virtue of the Emperor of the French that the Irish and English Catholics have not already begun to conspire against the English Crown, at the bidding of the Pope, who, according to Mr. Disraeli, must be a mere tool in the hands of his present protector. Again, we have a yet more singular argument to prove the identity of English and French policy in Italy. Great Britain, it seems, in conjunction with other Powers, gave Genoa to Piedmont in 1815; and in 1859 France made her the additional gift of Lombardy. Hence, argues Mr. Disraeli, England, which aggrandised Piedmont through jealousy of France, and France, which aggrandised Piedmont through jealousy of Austria, have the same policy and the same ideas with respect to Italy—England, which has hitherto been the only rival of France in the Mediterranean, and France which would fain make of the Mediterranean a French lake. Nor is Mr. Disraeli's sense of political proportion more acute. The aggrandisement of Piedmont he treats as a question of principle, the unity of Italy as a question of detail.

Perhaps no leader of Opposition ever let slip a better opportunity than Mr. Disraeli has now thrown away. The financial policy of the Government invites attack. However necessary it may be, it is certainly unsatisfactory that a reconstruction of the navy should take place every year. It is a formidable consequence of the activity of invention, that more than five millions annually should be added to the military and naval expenditure of the country. And it is natural to contrast this expenditure with the ostensible state of our foreign relations. Though Mr. Disraeli said exactly the opposite on the 7th of April, when he was denouncing the destruction of sources of revenue which might be made available in war, nevertheless, there is a show of truth in what he now declares, when he would conciliate the members below the gangway. The state of the world at present cannot be said to suggest the immediate probability of international conflicts. England and France do constitute, as Mr. Disraeli says, the councils of Europe; and England and France do profess to be cordial allies. Their interests are the same in most parts of the world; and the formation of that Italian Kingdom to which Mr. Disraeli is so unfriendly is a fresh and a weighty guarantee for the peace of Europe. The English people would gladly content themselves with a smaller army and navy, were they convinced that their country would still be able to render equally effective support to the cause of freedom and constitutional government. But they would rather pay a shilling income-tax than purchase its remission by silence on the French occupation of Rome. On that subject—and, when the time comes, about Venice also—they will speak the truth, however irritating its utterance may be to "cordial allies." If the Conservative party desire the speedy possession of office, they may well beat their breasts at the latest demonstration of their leader. Mr. Disraeli, by his recent speeches, has not only made the accession of his party to office seem more distant than ever—he has also placed fresh obstacles in the way of a reduction of expenditure. His countrymen will hesitate before they consent to such a reduction, now that they have been told that it can only be achieved at the sacrifice of that influence through which they have been able to contribute something towards the greatest and most beneficial revolution of their time.

Mr. Disraeli made a great mistake in denouncing moral

influence. His object, no doubt, was to conciliate detached parties and to win votes. But he could conciliate no one by denouncing moral influence whom he would have failed to conciliate by simply denouncing the military and naval expenditure which Lord Palmerston considers essential to its maintenance. Yet he left no doubt as to his real meaning. He was, we believe, perfectly sincere. It is not that he was merely led away by the temptation to give point to his speech by the paradoxical identification of moral influence with great armies and navies. It is the moral influence of England for its own sake, or rather on account of the objects for which it is exercised, that he dislikes. It is natural that he should sneer at a power which is always exercised for purposes the worth of which he does not appreciate. It may be that he regards them with positive aversion. It is quite certain that he cares for none of them. He has no sympathy with the love of freedom and constitutional Government which animates most Englishmen. When he has to speak of the institutions of the countries that have recently adopted constitutional Government, he refers apologetically to their possessing "what is called Liberal Government." His sympathies were with the established Government of Tuscany and Naples. He cares nothing about the unity of Italy; yet the moral influence of England has induced the French Emperor to allow these Governments to be sacrificed to the unity of Italy. Mr. Disraeli has now, if any meaning at all is to be attached to his cautious words, avowed his belief that the temporal power of the Pope ought to be maintained. Yet the same "moral influence" bids fair to accomplish its overthrow. It is natural, therefore, that he should denounce a principle that has borne fruits so distasteful to himself. How much better it would have been could a Conservative Foreign Secretary, on each of these occasions, have written a stately despatch, in which England should have gracefully bowed to the wiser opinion of her great ally.

Mr. Disraeli has great cleverness, but he is marvellously deficient in the most important qualifications of a statesman. All his experience has failed to teach him to know men, or to grasp great principles. His frequent failures as leader of the Opposition and as a legislator, are the natural consequence of his ignorance of the character and his want of sympathy with the habits of thought of his countrymen. Nothing but a hopeless blindness to the condition of English opinion, added perhaps to a want of humour, can explain his celebrated plan for allowing the electors of Liverpool and Cork to nominate part of the government of India. And only in the same way is it possible to explain the perversity with which from time to time he has chosen to concentrate the forces of his party on some trick or technicality rather than on some broad principle or some definite question. When foreign affairs are discussed, he is never so effective as when he is silent, or when he confines himself to those vague and pompous generalities in the delivery of which he is so successful. The foreign policy of England is year by year more exclusively determined, at least as to its main features, by public opinion. And he is the most successful Foreign Minister who best watches, interprets, and obeys public opinion. Mr. Disraeli scarcely seems to realize its existence,—at least he contemptuously ignores it. He still speaks as if the administration of foreign affairs remained a matter of intrigue and Cabinet cunning. These considerations are fatal to Mr. Disraeli's claims—if he has any such claims—to be the Foreign Minister of England. The country has tolerated far worse financiers and more unfortunate legislators than Mr. Disraeli. But it will not permit its foreign relations to be in the hands of a man who has no sympathy with any one of its profoundest convictions.

THE BROMPTON EXHIBITION.

THE prospects of the Great Exhibition, we are now daily assured, are daily brightening; and the guarantors, who, for the first fortnight in May, looked anxiously and suspiciously to the future, are now bid to take tardy comfort. In the first ten days of 1862, 123,351 visitors are counted against 186,236 in 1851, and last week the total of 140,386 visitors in 1851 confronts only 61,557 in the present year—the admissions by payment at 5s. being respectively 53,386 and 23,060. Up to, and inclusive of, May 17th in the two years, the receipts at the doors in 1862 are not half of those in 1851, the two totals being 12,061*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* and 24,689*l.* 19*s.* 0*d.* respectively. But on Monday and Tuesday, a change for the better is said to have set in. Even if the guarantors are saved by the skin of their teeth, it is satisfactory to think that they may be saved. The turnstiles and registers have at last, it seems, begun to send in hopeful figures, and with the half-crown days, a flood of visitors, said to reach to nearly 15,000 a day, assemble within what a newspaper writer calls "the vastness of that tremendous hall" at Brompton. On many accounts we have every reason to be thankful for these signs of hope. It would have been very hard upon the guarantors to suffer for the faults and incompetence of the Commissioners. The persons who backed the contractors with promises to pay got credit for a large amount of public spirit on a very small capital of risk, for they had apparently almost a certainty to fall back upon; and they had grounds for their calculation of security. First, there was the eminent success of the Exhibition in 1851, and its enormous profits. Here was a strong antecedent ground upon which they could rest the prudence of an investment which only appeared to be a nominal venture. Then,

instead of the diffused and scattered responsibility of a large floating Commission, as in 1851, we now had all authority condensed and concentrated in five gentlemen. Besides all this, there were the mingled failures and successes not only of our own Exhibition of 1851, but of those of Paris, Dublin, New York, and several Continental little-goes. Here was a vast and converging series of precedents and warnings, which tended to make blunders in management almost impossible. The guarantors were fully entitled to reckon upon the difference between an experiment and experience. London is more populous by half a million than it was eleven years ago, and the railways have within the same time nearly quadrupled their capabilities of flooding the capital with sight-seeing provincials. Making every abatement for a decreasing popular faith in the powers of art to regenerate society, or in the possibility of trade being stimulated beyond a certain point, there was a strong ground upon which to base expectations of success in the mere commercial prospect and in our improved manufactures, and in the golden streams which have flowed from Australia during the last ten years. There was but one rock on which the ship could founder, and fate drew her there. From first to last the management has been deplorable; and whatever we may choose to say in moments of egotistic self-depreciation, we in England are not, generally speaking, bad in official arrangements. Nobody could have fairly anticipated the peculiar form of failure that has occurred. Taste we have none, as compared with French officials; but in punctuality, discipline, forethought, and arrangement of details, where in this case we have so signally failed, we have not been generally wanting either in spheres of corporate or personal responsibility.

At whatever risk of wearying ourselves, the fact cannot be too often repeated, that, from first to last, the Commissioners have failed, with a remarkable uniformity of blundering which nearly approaches to a high art. From the huge and pervading blunder of employing Captain Fowke to the last and ridiculous mistake of making themselves a party to Mr. Francis Palgrave's escharotic criticisms, the Commissioners have been guilty of a series of mistakes scarcely redeemed by a single stroke of official genius. No doubt a Cabinet Minister, a Manchester engineer, and a London merchant, have other, and perhaps weightier, affairs both of public importance and private interest to occupy them; but in a Duke unattached, and lately relieved from the duties of presiding over a railway company, in which he could not but have picked up some amount of business knowledge, and in an active veteran in routine—baronetted *ad hoc*—there were, as everybody might have anticipated, at least the raw materials of good management. If Lord Granville, Mr. Baring, and Mr. Fairbairn only represented the ornamental part of the Commission, Sir Wentworth Dilke and the Duke of Buckingham had few or no calls to divert their energies from the concerns of the Exhibition. Whether they were not strong enough for the place, or whether they were badly seconded by secretaries and sub-officials, or whether the staff was organized on a mean and inadequate scale, it is not for us to decide. All that we have to do with is the Commissioners. Very likely they can shift the discredit; but they, and they alone, are responsible, and on them of course descends the whole torrent of public complaint and indignation.

For the last fortnight, it has been daily announced that the Commissioners had yielded to public opinion—that the nave would be cleared, the bells stopped, the rubbish carted out, and so on. But it is only of a piece with their whole management that their attempts even to mend their ways are characterized by the same halting, irresolute spirit as that by which their blunders were committed. They have not the courage even to repent in a manly way. When they do right they only do it by halves. The puff writers assured us that the nave would be cleared—instantly and thoroughly cleared—and it is quite true that a passage, a very narrow one, has been driven through most of the nave. But here and there a block and impediment stops the gangway, just to preserve the memory of the old confusion. The toy trophy remains after all—*rasé* to be sure, but there it is; the Derby drag has not yet used its wheels; the leather trophy still soars in its insolence of ugliness; the fur jackets have not been sent to Siberia or the annexes; and we are still favoured with the great box of lollipops and biscuits called the food trophy, or, if it is going, it is melting at the rapid rate of a foot a day. The roofs leak as they have all along leaked; but several holes have been stopped. The bells toll and growl once an hour now, instead of every ten minutes. One or two of the worst holes in the floor have been repaired, and now that a M.P. has been killed by stumbling into a gap in the planking, perhaps the whole rough floor will be relaid. We own that things are just a little better; but they are still so very bad that, like all compromises, the slight improvement is almost more provoking and aggravating than the former total and complete mismanagement. The nuisances "often take leave, but seem loth to depart." The small instalment of concession to public opinion, because it is so faint, hesitating, and partial, only makes the public more impatient; and what aggravates and stimulates criticism, and almost invites grumbling, is the simple consideration how very little thought and management it would have required to avoid the more desperate and ridiculous blunders which have been committed.

For example:—If there is one department of the present Exhibition which is all but a complete success, it is to be found in the picture galleries. We are not speaking of the pictures—famous and priceless as so many of them are—but of the galleries, which are lofty, well proportioned, well lighted, and well coloured. We do not say much of the ugly fact that they are damp, and that the water-colour drawings are suffering because new walls cannot but

be damp, make them to do all sioners have com we have cism at galleries faces train For which a being a building. These tw by a lou galleries out their When, a every on thrown indeed, exposed piercing Aeolus was ce picture plunged air pou medical cover. open wi newly-g sphere the pro either r well as the Com instantly In th exhibit Mr. Pa Art on frec-spe head, h except practice sanction he has statues as mu friends in -all the b sioners and to himself which Sandf the Co chara they in satisfi must him o Granv absol art, b his pu the r that v Colle for b displ [W artic disfig noth it; th we c thou of th "tren W of th prea whic of p of t If th the begi attac

be damp. The problem was, how to spoil these galleries—how to make them absolutely intolerable and dangerous to health, and how to do all that could be done to ruin the pictures. The Commissioners and their architect were equal to the occasion. They have contrived, by one noble stroke of genius, to do all that we have just mentioned, and to commit an architectural solecism at the same time. Everybody knows that the picture galleries are the upper floor of the permanent building, which faces southward. In the elevation in the Cromwell Road, Captain Fowke has designed a row of mighty recessed windows, which are divided externally into two halves—the whole façade being a base sham—a lower half of real windows in the Exhibition building, and an upper half of false windows in the picture galleries. These two halves are divided by a vast iron grating, closed internally by a louvre board. This grating is on the floor level of the picture galleries—that is to say, the picture galleries are ventilated throughout their entire length by an open iron grating and a skylight. When, as often in May, there is a broiling sun and a cold wind, every one of these louvre boards is thrown back and the skylights are thrown open, and so the galleries are completely, very completely indeed, ventilated. That is to say, the hapless visitors are exposed to piercing blasts of wind entering at their feet, and to other piercing blasts of pitiless wind pouring down on their heads. Æolus rages without control below as well as above, and, as was certainly the case on Tuesday last, every visitor to the picture galleries experienced the agreeable sensation of being plunged up to the knees in an ice-bath. What is the effect of cold air poured in upon the visitors' feet at these picture-galleries, the medical men of London will probably, to their infinite profit, discover. Are the Commissioners so ignorant as not to know that open windows, bringing in all the grit, and sand, and dust of the newly-gravelled Brompton roads, are not the very healthiest atmosphere for the masterpieces of Reynolds and Gainsborough? If the proprietors of these pictures are properly advised, they will either at once withdraw them from the Exhibition, or they, as well as the health officers of London, will extort a guarantee from the Commissioners that the ventilators at the floor level shall be instantly and hermetically sealed.

In the matter of Mr. Palgrave's catalogue, the Commissioners have exhibited equal skill in blundering. Into the controversy between Mr. Palgrave and his critics, that is, between Palgrave on Art and Art on Palgrave, we shall not enter. Mr. Palgrave is certainly a free-spoken gentleman, and if he has hit a good many nails on the head, he has hit some very grotesquely, and some very savagely; but except in the circumstance that he exhibited a sharp bit of literary practice in getting his exercises in Ruskinian printed under official sanction, we have little to say against him. We hold that he has as much right to say what he pleases about pictures and statues as to choose his friends and fellow-lodgers. He has just as much right to say his say of Marochetti as Marochetti's friends have their right to say their say of Mr. Palgrave. But in allowing Mr. Palgrave's Handbook to be "sold within the building under the sanction of Her Majesty's Commissioners," and to be decorated with the official or royal *timbre*, and to be dedicated to the Chief Commissioner, Lord Granville himself—not without the author's "thanks for the encouragement which Lord Granville and Mr. Fairbairn (Commissioners) and Mr. Sandford (Secretary) had afforded the author"—in doing all this the Commissioners either acted with or without all knowledge of the character of Mr. Palgrave's Handbook. If, as they were bound to do, they inquired into Mr. Palgrave's qualifications as an art-critic, and had satisfied themselves of his taste, judgment, and capacity, then we must say they have acted very shabbily towards him, in throwing him overboard, especially as Mr. Palgrave is said to be Lord Granville's private secretary. If, on the other hand, they knew absolutely nothing about Mr. Palgrave and his qualifications in art, but only invested in his smart writing, and took a contract with his publisher, just as they took a contract with the photographers, the restaurateurs, and the proprietors of the lavatories, then all that we can say is, this transaction of the Handbook to the Fine Arts Collections is by far the most serious proof of their utter incapacity for business which the five Royal Commissioners have yet displayed.

[We owe some reparation to Mr. Bennett for charging him, in a recent article, with responsibility for the abominable and ugly great clock face which disfigures the east end of the Exhibition building. That gentleman has nothing to do with it, and we observe the name of Dent inscribed over it; though whether Mr. Dent owes to designing the dial as well as the clock we cannot say. Among other peculiarities of this clock face, one is that, though ten times bigger than all other clocks, so admirably have the tints of the dial and hands been managed, that at about one-third down the "tremendous hall" it is impossible to tell what o'clock it is.]

SUNDAY PREACHING IN THE PARKS.

WE lately went on a Sunday morning to one of the largest and fullest of London churches, and we went in the afternoon of the same day into Hyde Park. In the morning we heard one preacher, and in the afternoon we heard several. The rival systems which we thus saw in action might not inaptly be described as those of protection and free trade, and the contrast between the working of the two systems was not wholly to the advantage of the former. If the dignified and learned clergyman who taxed our patience in the morning were to plant himself under a tree in Hyde Park and begin to read his sermon to no more listeners than he could attract, we can calculate how many they would be. People go

to church from habit, or from attachment to the liturgy, and they stay there until the sermon is concluded, because it would be thought indecent to leave earlier. The preacher knows that he has them safe for thirty or forty minutes, and he does not feel called upon to make any effort to retain an assured property. Sometimes, indeed, when a sermon is protracted beyond one o'clock, the imminent spoiling of joints of meat with the accompaniments at bake-houses, will cause a stampede among the humbler auditors. But a genteel congregation is not liable to any such severe trial of its equanimity, and usually the preacher treats his unresisting audience very much as too many barristers treat a judge whom they consider bound to listen to them, however tedious they may be. But a preacher or stump-orator in the Park knows that if he cannot interest the by-standers they will begin to talk, or will pass on to his rival under the next tree, and therefore, unless he has some natural or acquired aptitude for public-speaking, he does not attempt it. Not only must he be able to speak so as to gain attention, but also he must be prepared to answer questions and meet objections by which he may be suddenly assailed from the surrounding crowd. It is rather a melancholy reflection how few preachers there are in London churches who could retain for half an hour a congregation which should be quite at liberty to depart at the first moment when it began to feel bored. And yet, if the preacher of the Park cannot do this, it is useless for him to try to preach at all. He may be very ignorant, very coarse, and even very insincere, but he is not dull; whereas many occupants of pulpits appear to be utterly unaware that dullness is a fault.

One of the few clergymen who are known to us as capable of gaining the ear of a fluctuating crowd of Sunday loungers makes it his chief business to declaim in the Parks against the Poor-law. We condemned the violence of this reverend demagogue a few weeks since, but perhaps we scarcely did justice to his ability. It is much to be regretted that he does not confine himself to topics proper to his office, for he certainly has the gift of popular preaching in a very high degree. It may be satisfactory to the Church of England to know that she has at least one minister who could beat all the Park-preachers upon religion if he chose to stick to that, as he certainly does beat all the Park-lecturers upon politics. There is a well-known stump-orator of Hyde Park whom we lately heard declaring that, if all the wearers of "white chokers" were like the Rev. Richard Hibbs, he should be ready to put a "white choker" round his own neck. It struck us that, if he did so, the contrast between the whiteness of his "choker" and the dinginess of his skin and clothes would be somewhat violent. This orator makes it his weekly business to protest against the laws, social system, and religion, which prevail around him. He began his lecture by referring to the recent conviction of a child of nine years of age for poaching—an occurrence which, we believe, has not been left unimproved by the more popular daily and weekly newspapers. After listening for a few minutes, by way of variety, to the "Young Evangelist of Rochdale," under a neighbouring tree, we returned and found the unwholesome-looking orator engaged in disputation with one who seemed to be a Dissenting preacher, upon the question whether, assuming the authority of Scripture, any warrant could be found in it for inflicting the punishment of death. The partisans of either disputant cheered and clapped their hands. The disputants waxed warm, and we began to think they would punch one another's heads by way of determining the degree of obligation possessed by the text, "whoso sheddeth man's blood," &c. It was satisfactory to feel persuaded that if it came to fisticuffs there would be any odds on the champion of existing law, who was much bigger and heavier than the anarchist, and who, besides, brandished a Bible, while his antagonist was armed only with a cheap weekly newspaper. Things having got to this point, two soldiers of the Blues, who had been rather puzzled by the texts, began to display a highly intelligent interest in the proceedings, and of course all the boys on the outskirts of the crowd were in ecstasies. Both the disputants were mounted on one of those circular benches which have been placed round some of the trees, and the discussion had already become personal when, much to our disappointment, the upholder of law suddenly disappeared, being, as we supposed, dragged down by the partisans of anarchy. It was not easy to make out what followed, but after a good deal of uproar the disputants were left a hundred yards apart, and the one read his Bible and the other commented on his newspaper without coming again into collision.

Whatever harm a single atheistical lecturer may do by his own teaching ought to be more than compensated by the preaching of the numerous antagonists whom he stimulates into controversy, sometimes, as we have seen, under the same, but more frequently under an adjacent tree. There is one comely personage in a suit of black and what our atheist would call a "white choker," who looks so rosy, comfortable, and good-humoured, that, comparing him with the sallow, poorly-clad, and doleful-visaged champion of atheism, we should be disposed to say religion could hardly have a more efficient advocate. If cheerful smiles in this life may be taken as an earnest of happiness in the next, we should certainly conclude to follow this, the best dressed and most agreeably speaking of the Hyde Park orators. His rival, on the other hand, seems to have meditated upon the wrongs of the people and of himself until he has quite lost the faculty of mirth. As far as our observation goes, he is the only one of these performers whose person does not thrive upon his trade. It is, perhaps, a new and certainly a true testimony to the value of Christianity that those who preach for it in the Parks are fatter than those who preach against it. Several recent

converts, who are now calling upon others to become as they are, appear to have found the grace to which they have attained agree with them wonderfully. It is not mentioned in Scripture that St. Paul grew stout from the time when he felt himself to be the chief of sinners, but rotundity of figure certainly seems to be a sign of an awakened conscience in modern times. It should be noticed in justice to all these preachers that there is no sending round of hats among the audience. If there were, the fact that so many miserable sinners have a particularly sleek and comfortable look would not perhaps be difficult to explain. But although the police would probably interfere to check what they might choose to treat as begging, there is nothing to prevent "the young Evangelist of Rochdale" mentioning where he lives and is ready, if desired, to pray with those who seek his spiritual advice, and where it may be conjectured that contributions would be thankfully received. The "Evangelist of Rochdale" is a stumpy red-haired youth, who looks nothing particular in any way, but who will pray, preach, and sing for more than two hours without a pause or any symptom of a desire or intention to leave off. We did indeed hear him say that he had to preach in a chapel at 7 o'clock, and as he made this statement about half-past 5, it is faintly possible that he may have been intending to leave off soon, but there appeared no other reason why he should not go on interminably. He had prayed, and given out a hymn, and led in singing it, and preached, and then given out part of another hymn, and then fallen into preaching upon some words of it. The singing exercise is likely, at worst, to terminate when all the hymns in the printed book have been gone through, but preaching of this sort knows no necessary limit in the twelfth hour of the day more than in the first. It is always a repetition of the same warnings to the unconverted, and the same exultations in the blessedness of the preacher and those like him.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away—

This is the burden of one of the hymns which are heard most frequently in the Park. The singing might easily be mistaken at a little distance for one of the profane performances which are heard on week-days in public-houses, and one at least of the preachers reminded us vividly of the style of a certain low comedian whom we once heard declaiming a popular composition called "You Shouldn't Buy Tripe on a Friday." The bodily contortions which, in the one case, were intended to represent the agony of a cat with whom stolen tripe had disagreed, were employed in the other case to express the preacher's horror of mind as he thought of the course of sin, ending in perdition, from which he had been mercifully called eight months before.

There is little that dwells in the memory, or seems to call for remark, in the style of preaching. It would be out of place to ridicule the defective grammar or pronunciation of those who proclaim themselves unlettered, hard-handed, working men. No doubt they talk of Corinth or Ephesus as "that there place;" and one of them mentioned that he had a father who, being unregenerate and addicted to strong drink, would sometimes "chuck the plates about" when he came home late at night. The only word beginning with the aspirate which gets properly pronounced among them may be thought to have received that distinction for the more effectual awakening of the unconverted. It is no doubt something of a shock to one's auricular susceptibilities to be called upon to choose between Hell and 'Eaven; and we may begin to understand from the Hyde Park preaching how the learning of this world may be incompatible with salvation. Indeed, while listening to these fervid but ungrammatical apostles, we could not help calling to mind the profane answer of a French teacher of language, to whom a certain alternative was hypothetically proposed—"Very much obliged to you for your politesse, but I would much rather be d—d." It certainly does appear that some of those who have their conversation in Heaven are able to dispense with the letter h; and a stickler for the right use of aspirates seems likely to be as uncomfortable among the blessed as that coal-heaver wandering in Buckingham Palace, whom one of these preachers took for a type of the unfitness of the unregenerate soul for celestial bliss. It is to be feared that the linguistic purist, like the begrimed intruder upon courtly splendour, would desire "to get out of that" without delay.

Although religion counts her half-dozen or more of champions to one who avows atheism, we incline to think that the atheist is listened to with more attention. The patient, much-enduring, testifier to the emptiness of Christianity, has something of a turn for satire which keeps his audience in the expectation of being amused. But of course, if there is any approach to a joke amid the torrent of prayer and preaching, it is raised against, and not by, the speaker. Thus, when an ecstatic youth, describing the joys of his own converted state, said that sometimes he fancied he was in the Beulah land, a bystander drily remarked that fancy went a very long way.

The effect of some of the hymns, which are first spouted and then sung, is in the highest degree ludicrous. If we are not altogether mistaken, tunes are used in Hyde Park on Sunday which may have done duty in some Cave of Harmony the night before. There is a lively and almost rollicking chorus, which we heard repeated after each of the eight verses of a hymn. One of these verses was as follows:—

With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed.

The "mournful joy" of the converted vented itself in the chorus, thus:—

Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb upon Calvary,
The Lamb that was slain,
That liveth again,
To intercede for me.

We are not able to say exactly what is the worldly name of the tune to which these words were sung; but as many public-houses hold harmonic meetings, and the windows at this season are all open, we expect that the midnight breeze will soon waft it to our ear, enlivened by its natural accompaniment of clinking glasses, and followed by applauding raps upon the table.

THE CHAPTER HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER.

WE had occasion in our very first number to call attention to the sad condition of the famous and once beautiful octagon, the Chapter House of Westminster, and to urge some steps being taken for its restoration. More than six years have since gone by, and no visible change has come over the building. Nevertheless, the great material obstacle in the way of its renovation has disappeared, in the removal of the piles of mouldering papers with which it used to be choked to the Record Office in Fetter Lane. Mr. Scott's *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey* have also appeared within the last twelve months, and have brought home to the public mind that the structure now so squalid and poverty-stricken was once, and might again become, a Gothic monument not inferior in beauty to, and extremely resembling, the Chapter House of Salisbury. Fortunately, also, the Architectural Gallery at the International Exhibition contains the series of drawings by which Mr. Scott establishes his propositions, and which he originally exhibited at the Royal Academy.

In short, it is now the time to take vigorous measures so as at least to keep the Chapter House as it is, and to prepare the way for its future, though may be, gradual restoration. The Record Office has evacuated it; and that body must not be again permitted to turn it into a store closet. The venerable chapel of the Norman Kings in the White Tower had once been similarly misused. It is now cleared out and visible in its whole proportions, and the public service has sustained no detriment. With this recent precedent in view, the most extreme official obstructive would not, and we believe could not, venture to say that there was any risk in the reopening of Henry the Third's sumptuous Chapter House. The Dean of Westminster, we are glad to see, has taken steps to bring the question to a practical issue by inviting a meeting to be held this day within the Chapter House itself, under the chairmanship of Lord Ashburton, for the purpose of calling public attention to its condition. No one could have more appropriately headed the movement, although the Chapter of Westminster has for centuries parted with the use of, or responsibility for, the building. No one will suspect Dean Trench of any selfish desire to reappropriate a long lapsed possession. Somebody must have stepped forward to lead in the cause, and we are glad that the office has devolved on one so capable of bringing the enterprise to a successful issue. Apart from the material beauty of the original design, the chief national interest of the chamber is of a secular, and not an ecclesiastical character, as the most usual place of meeting of the House of Commons through the middle ages, until the dissolution of the Collegiate body of St. Stephen had put the Royal Chapel of the Plantagenets at the disposal of the Legislature. Originally lent by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster for the casual use of Parliament, the building was quietly appropriated by the Tudors after the reason of the loan had passed away. Room was wanted for records, and the Chapter House provided a tempting expanse of wall space. So the rich tile floor was boarded over, and thereby luckily preserved; the traceried windows were gutted and walled up; the vaulted roof was demolished by some builder, after Wren had refused the job, and the whole interior choked with recesses and galleries equally concealing wall painting and carved work. Hardly anything of the original apartment remained visible but the central shaft. The work was not, however, so completely done as to destroy the evidence of its former condition. Mr. Scott, with his usual painstaking accuracy, has collected a mass of indicative evidence which would enable him or any other conscientious architect to reinstate the building in all its pristine architectural beauty. The mere demolition of the intrusive fittings would bring to light, not only the original flooring, but the stately portal, the rich arcaded seats of stone, and the very curious specimens of early mural painting with which this portion of the structure was clothed, and which still exist in a condition of considerable preservation.

The Dean, as we understand, does not mean to proffer any demand for the Chapter House to be given back to the authorities of the Abbey, while of course he would not decline to receive the property, if returned to him in tenable condition. What he does claim is that the weight of public opinion should be brought to bear upon the Government in favour of some assistance towards its restoration. It is confessedly a national monument of the highest interest, in immediate proximity to and closely connected with Parliament itself; and, as such, has peculiar claims to be made the recipient of one of those exceptional contributions in aid of the art and of the national sentiment of the country which the House of Commons sometimes bestows. A very dribble, a few thousand pounds, is all that is needed. It would not cost much

if Parliament took the entire expense of its restoration on itself. It would cost still less if the grant assumed the shape of a contribution in aid of a popular subscription. Nothing conclusive could, of course, be effected this year, but enough of general sympathy might be asked to clear the way for action next Session.

When once the restoration of the Chapter House is taken in hand, it will be time enough to settle to what use it can be put. For our own part, we do not scruple to say that, if it were but reinstated in its old magnificence, and then thrown open for the study of the architect and the gratification of the public, the money spent upon it would not have been wasted. With all the complaints which have been lavished on the cost of the Houses of Parliament, no one has raised a single objection to the restoration of the later and inferior cloisters of St. Stephen's, and no one, we believe, would have done so even if their studious pale had not been utilized for the members' coat-racks. We have in truth, at this moment, no single room to place in evidence that the House of Commons is older than the Reform Bill. The American Congress is better off than we are, for it can point to the City Hall of New York. Architecture and tradition suffered a grievous loss in the destruction of St. Stephen's Chapel to make way for a comparatively insipid Hall, which Sir Charles Barry obstinately effected under the influence of an unreasonable zeal for uniformity. A few years later we believe that sagacious man would not have so acted, but in the meanwhile the Chapel was gone. It cannot now be recalled, any more than the Guesten Hall at Worcester, which has just been demolished, against the whole county's indignant protest. But the Chapter House of Westminster—a building of equal beauty with St. Stephen's, belonging to an anterior epoch of Gothic, and of still earlier parliamentary prestige—may, if we please, reassume the very shape which it presented when the belted knights of the shire and the robed burgesses thronged under its vault to vote the supplies demanded by Edwards and by Henries. For the sake of history no less than art, we hope that this resuscitation will not long be deferred. The meeting which is about to take place must greatly mismanage matters if it does not put the movement on the high road to popularity.

OLD ENGLISH SPORTS FOR FOREIGNERS.

SOME of the English journals appear to have been much concerned lately at the isolation and melancholy plight of the foreigner in London. Where is he to go when the Exhibition is closed? Unless he have a taste for classic groups composed of ill-looking women, or is disposed to study phases of English life as developed at a May meeting, there is absolutely no place, we are told, where he may find shelter and entertainment at the same time. The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the unfortunate foreigner is hopelessly stranded—he might as well be on a barren rock as in London. To be sure, there are theatres, concert-halls, gardens, chess and billiard rooms, and cafés; but to one unacquainted with our language half of these are useless, while the other half may be utterly destitute of attraction. "I thought love had been a joyous thing," said Uncle Toby, when Corporal Trim was narrating his sorrowful love adventure. "Tis the most serious thing, an't please your honour (sometimes), that is in the world," rejoined the Corporal. It seems that the same fault may be found with all our public entertainments, and on Sunday especially, the metropolis is found to be the most miserable place under the sun. M. Assolant and his friends observe our ways with mingled pity and contempt. We know how to make iron, and some, but not all of us, know how to make money—but in the art of enjoying ourselves we are altogether inexperienced. One of M. Assolant's friends, benighted in Regent Street, declared that we are a nation of savages. We blunder in nothing so much as in our search after amusement. We have been told all this before, and it can do us no harm to have the complaint repeated whenever our visitors are in the grumbling humour. But there is hope for the foreigner still. Certain persons in London are making special arrangements for his comfort and pleasure. He need not vex his soul again with the contortions of a clumsy singer whose face has been blacked, and whose imbecile gibberish would only add to the torments of the stranger if he could understand it. There are other entertainments prepared for him; and a glance through the sporting papers will make him acquainted with a class of "caterers" of which he has probably hitherto been ignorant.

If he desires to combine instruction with amusement, there is the "Big Drum" close to Leicester Square, "the acknowledged house of call," as the proprietor tells us, "for all who take delight in watching in the roped arena the performances of the best men of the present day." In this calm and soothing retreat "nothing is warm except the welcome," and those who would really enjoy life and their visit to London are enjoined not to depart "without looking in upon the Old Gladiator." As an additional incentive to this course, the stranger is assured that the "scratch will be toed at eight o'clock." To enjoy life is an art worth paying a visit to the Big Drum to learn; and a few evenings ago we made our way thither in order to sit at the feet of the "Old Gladiator." Whether it was the O. G. or one of his friends who received us very cordially on our entrance we are unable to say—but the warmth of the welcome was attested by our friend

ordering several glasses of spirits in rapid succession, and intimating to the waiter that "the gen'lman 'ull pay." The hospitable pugilist was a good deal the worse for tear and wear. He had no nose left worth mentioning, his mouth had been artificially widened, and the remarks he was kind enough to offer upon his past achievements in the "roped arena" were uttered with much difficulty, as though the larynx had shared the fate of his nose on some inauspicious day. His power of absorption, however, was unimpaired, and that his heart was still in the right place was shown by the circumstance of his inviting a comrade and brother gladiator to sit down and refresh himself, also at the expense of "the gen'lman" whom fate had kindly thrown into those regions. The new-comer introduced himself as the Green Forester, the adjective not having a metaphorical sense, although the appearance of the Forester justified the assumption that his pastoral pursuits must have been carried on some ages back. The scars of honourable conflict were on the countenance of this Strephon, and the Phillis of his heart can find but little satisfaction in contemplating the visage of her maimed protector; but upon the Forester himself, his campaigns and manifold disasters had produced no worse result than the burden of an insatiable thirst. With stolid and unmoved countenance he persevered in the drinking-match with his companion, for, said the Forester frankly, "if we don't make hay when the sun shines, we don't deserve none at all." These veterans, with Arcadian simplicity, are equally open-hearted with all comers, and care not with whom they converse. They are ever ready to quaff to the health of foreigners; "for what's the use," urged the philosophic Forester, "of bearing animosity? always shake hands after a fight!" To forgive and forget, and to "enjoy the social glass," are evidently the leading principles of these meek and placid sages, and to hold converse with them is the great privilege of visitors to the house. Other superannuated warriors wander in and out the room disconsolately, like the gloomy shades in Dante's infernal regions. There are prints on the walls, showing how the Lamb knocked the Chicken "clean off his feet a distance of ten yards," and illustrating other famous exploits. But what the "Old Gladiator" did, who "toed the scratch," or whether it was "toed" at all, we confess we did not stay to see.

The foreigner complains that he knows not how to spend his time on Sunday. Even in this respect his wants have been anticipated. A dozen houses are opened on Sunday evenings specially for the purpose of dog-shows, rat-matches, and lectures on "the box." In the labyrinth of St. Giles's, or some furlongs away in the far East, sundry gentlemen meet with their dogs and discourse together as to what they have "made" during the week, in emblazoned language, and behind long pipes. There are strange-looking dogs, and much more strange-looking men, most of the latter in the full dress of these parts—waistcoats unbuttoned and shirt sleeves rolled up. Tobacco, beer, and oaths are the prevailing refreshments—the oaths being evidently regarded as refreshments by the company. The lecture on pugilism is usually confined to the observation that the chairman will be "very proud to drink your health." There is the house where you may pay half-a-crown to see a rat-match which never comes off, owing to the dog having the distemper. To take a wider range, if the suffering foreigner choose to give up a day for the purpose, an advertisement will direct him where to meet with "that mighty hero," Mr. Thomas Sayers. He tells us in moving language that he is about "for a time to bid farewell to the land he loves, wishing to return with the laurels of a far distant soil on his breast, which will add to the comfort of his declining years." Heroes are but mortal, and even Sayers groans under the ravages of age and time. Then there is the great gathering of the gladiators, at which, says *Bell's Life*, "none but the *élite* of the profession" will be engaged. At this assemblage of the *élite* everything and everybody will be of a "high order of merit," and "visitors may have such an opportunity of witnessing our national sport as they may not experience again." Here, then, is a very land of Goshen for the distressed foreigner, and, until he reaches it, who so ready to give him solace as the host of "the Leopard"? In strains of eloquence and poetry Professor Porris declares that "while convulsions agitate the political world—while contention threatens the rupture of the American Federation, and the storm of revolution sweeps over Europe," his house stands impregnable as a place of refuge. Here, proceeds the Professor:—

the scion of nobility quaffs his claret; the son of toil imbibes his beer; the jovial enjoy their grog; each enters into the spirited wit and mirthful conversation. All leave with reluctance and return with eagerness.

Who could resist allurements like these? Who would not wish to be for ever in the society of Professor Porris?

We have shown that our visitors need not be at a loss for an introduction to the professors of the ring. If their taste lies rather with the turf, the matter can be still more easily arranged. Suppose he wishes to make a suitable appearance in the field, here is an opportunity for him, if we understand the advertisement rightly:—

Captain H.—A perfect woman's horse. He is aged, one of the most famous hunters, highly broken, and no better shaped one in England. White. Price 150*l*. For a field officer he would be surpassingly grand. No better looking horse can be found.

Mounted on this "surpassingly grand" charger—which, contrary to M. Assolant's belief, the foreigner would be allowed to ride on Sunday—he might go forth to observe the manner of

conducting the national sport of racing. The sporting papers assure us that everything is fairly managed on the turf, and of course they ought to know best; but the observant stranger may reasonably be excused if he is a little perplexed and confounded at such proceedings as the scratching of a favourite on the eve of a race. In these mysteries, however, he may very easily find guides. There are numerous persons in this country gifted with the prescience to foretell the winning horse, and benevolent enough to impart their valuable knowledge to whosoever may desire it. The advertisements in the sporting papers after a race prove the accuracy of these "forecasts." Take the Chester Cup, for instance. Mr. Henry Kind tells us that he advised his friends several days before the race to "Put it down like steam on the Marquis," and "it" was no doubt put down accordingly. Mr. Softley has a cunning plan of bringing fresh inquirers to his tripod. He entices them with past successes under cover of giving advice to those who have already consulted him—thus:—

Stand every shilling you are on for Chester Cup and Derby. We shall win these events as easily as we did last year. Remember Ben Webster, my especial choice for former, and Kettledrum and Dundee the latter. Many of you realised splendid winnings, taking the double event.

This must surely be the true oracle, although other seers can prove that they also foretold the winners, and enabled their "subscribers" to "pot" their money. Where are the false prophets? How can it be said that there is uncertainty or chance of foul play on the turf when any of the Kind and Softley tribe will tell you the winner of a race for a few shillings? Everywhere, in fact, the stranger and the foreigner are surrounded with honest gentlemen, willing, nay eager, to initiate them into the secrets of the ring or the turf. Everywhere there is an anxiety to amuse and edify them. Mr. E. T. Smith is "on the alert," as he says—he has even introduced a "new sherry" at Cremorne Gardens, and it is to be hoped it will be kept there. If among all these attractions the foreigner cannot find something to suit him, he must have a very fastidious taste indeed.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Concluding Notice.

A PURE and thoroughly English landscape is brought before us in the "Half-way House" (321), a joint production of T. Creswick and J. W. Bottomley. The clear cool sky, after so long a course of pictures with glaring dresses and in-door subjects, is really refreshing. Another landscape, "The Way Through the Woods" (187), by R. Redgrave, is also welcome from the pleasant spring-like freshness that pervades the scene. Cool, but untrue, is Mr. Lee's "Pont du Gard" (250). Without a reference to the Catalogue, this picture might easily be taken for some modern triumph of engineering skill in our own northern climes. The air looks bleak, and the cold colour of the stone does not accord with the varied tints which must be remembered by all who have once viewed the original. As a composition, the picture is very effective, and the immense scale of the aqueduct is adroitly indicated by two very small figures standing on the topmost ridge against the sky. The same painter's "Gibraltar, showing Windmill-Hill Barracks and O'Hara's Tower" (667), exhibits the same poetical conception, bold design and execution, which distinguished his pictures of the "Signal Station" last year. In extreme contrast to these pictures we may cite a very singular and glowing sunset scene, "The Gleaner's Return" (431), by Mr. W. Linnell. The sky seems actually on fire, and it is difficult to conceive how any paint composed of solid material can be brought to represent such an intensity of light. Seen from across the middle room, this picture blends too much with Mr. Desanges's battle-piece (433), and produces an extensive effect of war and conflagration. The figures of the gleaners in the foreground, rich also in colour, although subdued in twilight, are gracefully composed and grouped in classic attitudes. The murky obscurity about the deep recesses of the mountains, and the intense purple blue of the peaks bordering on the glowing orange sky, are all perfectly consistent with the close of a hot autumnal day. With one exception, this intensity of colour kills all pictures near it. That exception is "A Cottage Nosegay" (427), by Miss A. F. Mutrie, which keeps its place bravely. It consists of a few simple flowers collected in a jug and placed, together with a pincushion and thimble, in a dilapidated window-sill. The colours are wonderfully glowing and effectively contrasted. Another flower-piece, "Dahlias" (389), by Miss Mutrie, also claims mention, as possessing similar recommendations. Mr. J. C. Hook's pictures maintain the freshness and vigour of seafaring life subjects, and among those contributed to the present exhibition we would particularize "The Acre by the Sea" (81), wherein corn is seen growing close up to the edges of the cliffs. The ripe corn, grey rocks, and deep blue sea form, indeed, an unusual combination, and the harvest groups of sunburnt figures are painted with great force and truthfulness. "The Trawlers" (357), although equally true, is not agreeable to the eye. Mr. C. Stanfield, in "Nieuwe Diep" (82), a comparatively small picture, contributes one of his best and clearest sea-pieces. The atmospheric colouring is less mannered than usual, and the entire composition exhibits a pleasing variety.

The majestic rocks of Cornwall have afforded material for a most elaborate, careful, and highly-finished study, "King Arthur's Island" (572), by Mr. Inchbold; whilst his little sketch of "Tintagel, Cornwall" (448), dashed off evidently on the spot,

shows great readiness and power of expressing a subject without unnecessary expenditure of minute labour. Similar, both in subject and in truthful execution, is "The Castle of the King—Tintagel" (611), by Mr. J. G. Nash. He depicts neither more nor less than the scene actually before him, but he depicts that very faithfully. It is unfortunate that the effect of the whole perspective is entirely destroyed by the picture having been placed so much above the eye. A careful and well-felt subject will also be found in Mr. Thornely's little picture of "The Wreck" (316).

Mr. E. W. Cooke contributes several pictures of great power and effect this year. "Horn on the Zuyder Zee" (408) is very spirited. There is a breadth and force of colour about it that do not generally characterize this painter's works. "The Bay of Tangier" (589) is especially striking. Consisting of Oriental objects, seen in a sultry climate, it affords a remarkable contrast to the preceding. The white houses of the town are faithful transcripts of nature; whilst the large sail of the boat drawn up on the sands, and the man mending his nets beside it, exhibit masterly and striking combinations of colour. The dark rocks of "Cartagena" (659) seen against an orange sunset sky, and a vessel with black rigging prominent in the centre of the picture, is a calm and very impressively painted scene. Mr. Ansell, this year, deserts Spanish subjects, and sends a large picture of the "West Highlands" (289), and another of "Tired Sheep" (636), wherein the costume of the figures, and predominance of cattle, challenge comparison, and show him to be no very efficient substitute for Sir Edwin Landseer. In the former picture, composed of cattle round a mountain-bridge, and a loch with castle on a distant island, the sheep are deficient in natural wooliness of coat, whilst the rocks in the foreground are not painted with sufficient care. The man, however, in a cap, and the dog by him, to the left of the spectator, are excellent. A lively little picture called "Blind Puppies" (666), by T. Earl, merits attention. There is something very ornamental, although pleasing and well-composed, about Mr. Mogford's landscapes "Criccieth Castle" (326), and "Storm and Sunshine" (452). They evince a decided feeling for the picturesque. "The Rain-bow" (596) is more accurately represented by Mr. H. C. Whaithe, in his very elaborate and effective landscape.

Mr. D. Roberts exhibits a very striking picture, "A Chapel in Notre Dame, Bruges" (343). It is rich, dark, and simple. The light is confined to the distant lofty chapel. The figures and the sloping pictures in the foreground vestibule are painted with great truthfulness, and the effect of real daylight and mellowness in the shadows distinguish this work from the rest of his contributions. "The Chancel of St. Paul at Antwerp" (162) displays the painter's usual imposing effects and rich masses of colour. But it is where we have the means of really testing accuracy that we feel least satisfied. In four out of a series of Seven Views of London on the River Thames (Nos. 489, 628, 370, and 63), we look in vain for fidelity either in details, atmosphere, or even in general effect. The crumbling clay surfaces such as he bestows on the Westminster Palace Towers may be a cruel anticipation of the effects of time, but become an unworthy assumption in a painter whilst professing to record the actual buildings of his own day. In Westminster also, View No. 7, we fail to recognise, whether in figures or shipping, the traffic that is really peculiar to our own river. In point of fact, Mr. Roberts has treated us to a foreign importation. Among figure subjects in fancy costumes, the palm is certainly due to Mr. J. C. Horsley for his sun-lighted interior of an Elizabethan mansion, entitled "Checkmate Next Move" (126), wherein, near the fireplace, are seated an elderly gentleman and lady at chess. The evident chuckle of the lady, as she handles her snuff-box, and the restless turn of the gentleman on finding himself compelled to acknowledge that he has the worst of it, are conveyed with great originality and perfect naturalness of manner. Quite apart, nearer the window, and in some measure shaded by a curtain brightly transparent in the sunshine (painted in a manner peculiar to De Hooghe), we observe a young lady engaged at work, whilst a young man pours into her ear the soft whisperings of love. The progress of his love is slyly watched by a boy-page from behind the screen, and a second young lady stands at the chess-board observing the game, and evidently cognizant of all that passes in the other part of the room. The shine of daylight on the smooth bare floor, the brilliant glow of the reflection in the mirror, and the shiny surfaces of the old panel pictures, are all rendered with a wonderful effect of reality. Rarely indeed have we met, among pictures of this class of subjects, with such superiority and entire fulfilment of the object which the painter had in view. Second in merit, — although neither for finish nor elaborate study, but for originality of conception and clear enunciation of a story, — may be ranked Mr. P. H. Calderon's "After the Battle" (243), where a party of soldiers, after battering in the door of a cottage, find a child, alone and friendless, sitting shyly, but not actually in fear, upon an overturned cradle. The sight seems to act instantaneously on the rough hearts of these red-coated soldiers, and the old fellow good-humouredly stooping down, with hands on knees, to interrogate the lad, is excellent. The scene also appears to produce its impression on a fresh-looking drummer boy who stands in profile in the foreground, and looks half disposed to adopt the little foundling as his own particular companion. Mr. A. Elmore produces an agreeable composition in the "Invention of the Combining Machine" (135), but it is one of those unfortunate subjects that depend upon catalogue explanations for the main portion of their interest. It is, however, quite as intelligible to the spectator as the "Stocking Loom" by the same artist, which

attained considerable popularity, and this is far more varied and agreeable to look at. Joshua Heilman, of Alsace, turns suddenly round and sees his daughter combing her hair. A second female, probably her sister, sits close beside her little toilet-table, and watches the operation with such absorbed interest that one might imagine she had never seen anything of the kind before. The reflection of the girl with the comb seen in the looking-glass, affords the spectator a very pleasing object, and one which Titian himself would have readily transferred to canvas. The picture is effective; but the flesh tints are coppery, and partake too much of a general coldness.

A very refined and extremely careful painting, both in attitude and appearance, is Mr. M. Stone's dramatic composition, "A Painter's First Work" (502). A little boy has been chalking copies of certain family pictures upon vacant panels in the wainscot of an old house, and his father appears to be rating him severely, whilst an elderly man, apparently the steward, seems putting in excuses for the youthful delinquent. He looks appealingly to the work as he endeavours to restrain the father's hand. The sturdy and determined expression of the boy's countenance indicate him thoroughly likely to insist upon adopting the arts as a profession and rising to eminence in it. A small picture of "The Widow Hogarth Selling her Husband's Engravings" (543), by M. J. Lawless, shows a natural turn in the artist for highly finished subjects of this nature, and is carried out with great skill. The poor woman seems, indeed, in bitter trouble, and the buyers are as insolent and overbearing as people in their position are apt to be. There is, not only in the lowness of colour, but in the attitudes and finish generally, an almost French character about the two last-named pictures. This, in the absence of all meretricious trickery and blandishments of colour, would be far from unwelcome; but if ever English colour and feeling were required it would be in the story of the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, whose husband was the most thoroughly national painter that England has ever produced.

"The Return of a Crusader" (179), by Mr. F. Pickersgill, is little more than a theatrical denouement, or incident from an opera; whilst "Blondel" (57), by Mr. H. Pickersgill, described as "in search of his Master," is foolish and empty in the extreme. A painful domestic subject, entitled "The Lost Found" (471), is depicted by Mr. Solomon; but subjects of this nature partake of the character of Adelphi melodramas, which, however well acted they may be, leave a disagreeable impression on the feelings. A remarkably clever and Wilkie-like effect of daylight upon a simple and pleasing group, by Mr. J. Pettie, merits recognition. It is "The Sub-Prior and Edward Glendenning" (88), from Walter Scott's *Monastery*, and one of the comparatively very few embodiments from novels in the present exhibition. "De Foe in the Pillory" (457), by Mr. E. Crowe, is a theatrical and not real representation of an historical subject: the figures, however, are well painted with a large share of probability about them. The width of the street is too great, and the houses might have been more completely defined with regard to architectural construction. The Secretary of State's still existing hue and cry description of De Foe, "alias De Foece," becomes very serviceable to the painter. The official notice for his apprehension describes him as "a middle-sized spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark brown coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth." The various incidents represented in the picture are supported by quotations in the Catalogue from *The London Gazette*, 1703, and Wilson's *Life of Defoe*.

A very weak picture, based on the fictitious life of Mary Powell, and entitled "Milton's first meeting with Mary Powell" (671), is a class of work that merits no encouragement. It is even further from the mark than Mr. Rankley's picture of last year. With the technical skill that he evidently possesses, a better choice of subjects and more vigour in expressing them would raise Mr. Rankley to a prominent position, unless, indeed, a Quaker-like tameness be the true bent of his inclination. Mr. H. S. Marks in "The Jester's Text" (643), is very inventive and humorous. The picture, however, will not make a powerful impression like his "Franciscan Sculptor" of last year. There is more real refinement about the figures in the composition before us; and the sunlight lingering on the upper part of the old mansion and dovecot—whilst the grass plot, and elderly pair listening to the Jester's discourse at the sundial, are already sunk in comparative gloom—is very truthful in effect. The dog beside the sundial is extremely quaint. Mr. Marks, in a degree approaching that of Leys of Belgium, has certainly a happy knack of throwing back his figures into the spirit of the times he chooses to depict, and this, as we have already observed, is indeed a rare qualification among artists of the present day. A powerful costume picture and very prettily conceived subject has been contributed by Miss Solomon described as "Fugitive Royalists" (432). The story is not strikingly clear; but thus far at least may be made out:—A cavalier lady is intently watching a sick sleeping child in Puritan costume, whilst her boy, a lad in bright blue silk dress, very effectively coloured, clings to his mother in momentary alarm at hearing unfriendly footsteps. A Puritan lady, to whose apartment they seem to have wandered in solicitude for her child, warns them to a speedy departure through the sliding panel, a full-length portrait moving behind its frame. The countenance of the boy is perhaps rather too exaggerated, but what can be more difficult than to paint the sense of hearing accompanied by sudden apprehension? The attitudes generally are chosen with remarkable

propriety, and the masculine force of colour only requires support by greater firmness and decision in the painting of the hands. It is one of the most remarkable figure pictures that we have seen from a female artist for many a long day. "The Prodigal Son" (251), by Mrs. B. Hay, is a more ambitious performance, and characterized also by great power of colour; but it is in a conventional tone, exhibiting an inclination towards the Etty school. Mrs. E. M. Ward enters this year upon the domain of her husband, and produces a theatrically historical picture, "Scene at the Louvre in 1649" (583). This picture purports to represent the "despair" of Henrietta Maria on learning the fate that has befallen her husband at Whitehall. Can this demoniac countenance be taken for *despair*, or even as representing the beautiful Queen of Charles I. under the most unfavourable circumstances? Subjects of this kind are at best uninteresting, and least of all fitted for a lady's pencil. The *père Gamache*, whose pen has inspired Mrs. Ward through the pages of Miss Strickland, speaks, it is true, of "the stupor of grief," but we find nothing connected with the incident to show that brooding revengeful thoughts occupied the Queen at the period when her countenance became "immovable." Surely it is better for a lady to paint the simple beauty of children, than to invest a beautiful Queen, when struck down by woe, with so extravagant an expression. A touch of humble life should not pass unrecorded. The subject shows at least attention to a question which few street-observers put to themselves. What becomes of our jugglers, tumblers, and acrobats on a pouring wet day? This Mr. G. Pope partially shows us in a clever little picture called "A Rainy Day" (188), where we observe an acrobat and his children home-bound in a miserable garret. They still retain their tawdry finery, but the little girl betakes herself to domestic occupation, and is mending a stocking; the little boy, dead tired, has fallen asleep, whilst the father, disappointed in the exercise of his profession, solaces himself with a pipe of tobacco. There is honest, hearty work about this little picture. We fitly close our review of this year's pictures with Mr. W. Gale's "Autumn" (259), an old gleaner resting with his sheaf of corn. This painting is singularly full of feeling and delicacy of execution, and although extremely small, forms, in reality, an object of considerable attraction in the Exhibition. The quotation from Job, ch. v. verse 26, given in the catalogue, invests it with a still higher signification.

On the whole, notwithstanding the omission of many of the most popular names from the catalogue, we recognize on these walls the results of a something far beyond the average amount of artistic thought, labour, and industry. Scarcely ever has any exhibition shown so few pictures—portraiture certainly excepted—that could really have been dispensed with, whilst the intention and significance contained in each of them gain in intensity. The steady progress of the diligent observers of nature is unmistakable. Those early stammerings that tried the patience of the public eleven years ago, have given way in the same painters to force, earnestness, and purity. By the manly vigour which men like Holman Hunt, Leighton, and Millais have now attained, and which they on most occasions display, we are led to look indulgently upon many laboured and uncouth strainings after nature which startle us in the various corners of our exhibition walls. There are many small historical and imaginative pieces—most of them very meritorious—which we would fain have particularized had our space allowed. Photography, which has aided the landscape and architectural painter, seems to be annihilating miniature painting as a manual art. Cheap art of this nature for portraiture is no longer in request, and happily we find ourselves relieved from the infliction of those very bad specimens which formerly in Somerset House days used to offend the eye. We must at the same time regret that good miniatures are fast disappearing. Those who formerly did great things in small are either dead, or have diverged to repeat the small in great, and it is a pity that the practice of miniature painting—which is really capable of so vast an amount of resources of art—should have so entirely fallen into disfavour. The permanence and truthfulness of the colours, when justly applied to this branch, is a great argument of its superiority over photography, its opponent.

The display of sculpture at the Academy this year is by no means extensive, or up to the mark in point of quality. Mr. Durham's sitting figure of "Europe" (998), one of the statues intended to commemorate the Great Exhibition of "1862," is designed in a large and grand style. The face is classically mild and expressionless, but the folds of the drapery are arranged with good skill and much capability for effect when seen in the bronze. The "Sabrina" (1014), of Mr. P. Hollins, part of a public fountain for Shrewsbury, is a fine and well modelled female figure, in which the limbs are treated in a clear bold manner. Decision and correctness of form are so sadly deficient in most of our public sculptures, that this is most welcome, and it is to be hoped that the rest of the fountain may accord with what is now before us. "The Young Briton" (994), by Mr. Marshall, exhibits little more than a degree of fury which without the Catalogue would signify nothing. We dwell upon the bust of the Prince Consort (992), with a melancholy satisfaction, for it vividly recalls his look and expression when last seen in the enjoyment of health. The inscription upon the marble is so comprehensive and significant that we transcribe it without further comment beyond expressing an entire gratification at the manner in which the sculptor has acquitted himself of the arduous duty imposed upon him.

"H.R.H. The Prince Consort Albert. Dec. 1861." "Executed under the immediate directions of Her Majesty the Queen." "W. Theed, Sc. Osborne. 1862." Mr. Munro's "Young Hunter" (999), a boy and large dog at full gallop among fern and foxgloves, is boldly and roughly modelled, but, as a statuary group, well-designed. A marble bust of "The Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P." (1026), by Mr. R. Jackson, has the merit both of truthful likeness and great refinement in execution. The bust of "Gibson the Sculptor" (1007), by Mr. G. Ewing, fails to take full advantage of a really picturesque head. The portrait bust of "Lord Clyde, K.C.B." (1029), by the same artist, errs in the opposite extreme, and the gallant hero does not gain in appearance by the adoption of ancient classic costume. "Colonel Sir Duncan Mac Dougall" (1017), is extensively bearded, and a quaint and effectively executed bust, by Mr. G. Adams. The bust of "A Lady" (1012), by J. Adams, is extremely refined and pleasing. The most striking and lifelike portraits in the room are certainly those by Marochetti. They are all in marble, of a very delicate quality, with a pleasing mellow tint upon them. "The Duke of Malakoff" (1015) is a perfect transcript of the rough and rugged character of the French warrior; whilst in "The Earl of Cardigan, K.C.B." (1022), the Baron has produced an admirable bust of a thorough-bred English soldier—points which he has achieved despite of the most ferocious and extravagant whiskers imaginable. These excrescences issue like flames from both sides of his well-shorn chin, whilst the moustaches roll in long lines above the upper lip; but since the period of Bernini scarcely any sculptor has had the boldness to tackle with these difficulties so determinately. The elaborate manner in which the numerous orders and decorations both upon this and the bust previously noticed will afford abundant scope for gratification of the minutely curious. Another bust, "William Spence, Esq." (1013), shows an equal attention to the niceties of modern costume, inasmuch as the gentleman, rejoicing in a French beard and moustaches, but no whiskers, is represented in full evening dress with a nicely adjusted neck-tie. This is very far from high art, in which we think this clever artist fails egregiously; but it is matter of fact portraiture, and will, as the truthful representation of persons belonging to our own time, acquire a certain value in the eyes of those destined to succeed us.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE claim put forward for themselves by the minority on the British Museum Transfer of Site Bill, as being the especial advocates of economy, is as hollow and insincere as the taunt of inconsistency and a love of profligate expenditure, which they hurled at the large and triumphant party before which Government succumbed on Monday night. The issue really and substantially fought out was, whether the notorious South Kensington job should be consummated or not. For all substantial purposes, Her Majesty's Government may be said to exist for executing just this one little job. For this it was that, in January, 1860, Lord Palmerston made his famous visit to the council chamber of the Museum, and, by the aid of his Government officials, carried against the all but unanimous voice of the acting Trustees the famous vote for transporting the Natural History collection to the beloved South Kensington. For this it was that, on Mr. Gregory's Committee, Sir George Grey and Mr. Lowe fought every point with sullen obstinacy. For this it was that Mr. Lowe himself got his Committee of the same year to pronounce that the Boilers deserved well of the country. It is a curious question why this subtle affinity between Downing Street and South Kensington exists. If those sylvan shades are not to be tenanted by the national pictures, the birds and beasts from Great Russell Street must troop down there. And if the public declines, as it seems disposed to do, either to take the National Gallery or the British Museum for the benefit of the Boilers, we have no doubt that Lord Palmerston will even condescend to harry Sir John Soane's Museum, or the Institution in Jermyn Street. Something must be done for South Kensington; and, failing all other tenants, why should not the Society of Arts itself take up its abode in the forlorn refuge for the destitute at Brompton?

What the House of Commons technically decided: on Monday night was to refuse its assent to the expenditure of 680,000*l.*—the outlay required for the removal of the Natural History collection from Bloomsbury, and its rehabilitation at South Kensington. Mr. Gladstone, whose costive words dropped one way, while his sober convictions seemed to be running in another direction, said that the only question before the House was either to sanction this expenditure at Brompton or to make up its own and the public mind to an outlay of 300,000*l.* more for equal accommodation on the present site of the Museum. But this was not the real issue. Some of the majority, like Mr. Cox and Mr. White, objected to the Bill because it was a Money Bill. They voted against a large expenditure because it was a large expenditure, and they would have voted against it had it been for the purchase of the Kingdom of Spain, as well as for five acres of kitchen garden at Brompton. Some consistent spirits voted against the Treasury benches, because they were the Treasury benches; and, probably from fear of the hustings, the habitual supporters of Government found it convenient to be absent. But still with all these abatements, the majority represented a solid and just cause. What they said is this. First, that all the scientific men, with one great exception—that of Professor Owen—memorialized the Government against the removal of the collec-

tion of Natural History, and that this memorial ought to be listened to. Further, that though in the long run it is quite true that the Museum must absorb the famous quadrilateral site in Bloomsbury, yet that this operation need not be an immediate one—may be made even a cheap one—and that its adoption allows the expenditure to be spread over an indefinite time. For not only is Professor Owen's plan, which the Government adopts in the lump, excessive, but the immediate wants of the Museum might be supplied by appropriating about one or two acres in Bloomsbury instead of five at Brompton; and though the purchase of the whole quadrangle from the Duke of Bedford at once would be an expensive investment, yet it would in the long run be the cheapest plan, since the wants of the Museum are only gradually to be met, and much of the ground might be left, as at present, occupied by houses paying rent to the Museum itself.

When, therefore, the question is definitely put—Do you say that the present heterogeneous collection in Great Russell Street is never to be scattered?—our answer is, There is time enough to discuss it. At present, let all the departments go on expanding according to their natural growth; let the present surrounding site be occupied till the whole plot bounded by the four well-known streets is absorbed; and when this is done—and it will not be done for half a century—let the question of separation be reopened by our children. We are not absolute purists on the abstract and initial question of separation. We do not, with an enthusiastic Frenchman, see something like the finger of God and an image of Providence in the present agglomeration. Nor, with Mr. Lowe, are we prepared to abandon our present concentration of archaeology, books, and natural history, only because the same union of objects of art and productions of nature is not to be found in any other capital of Europe. The precedent is worth little either way; but what we do object to is the specious excuse of mere economy, which may turn out to be no economy after all, for undertaking the risk of damage in moving the Natural History collection for so doubtful an advantage as filling the unbuilt halls of Brompton. The uses of the Natural History Collection to the few scientific men are such that it would probably make but little difference to them whether, for scientific purposes, they went to Brompton or Bloomsbury; but, apart from science as well as from sentimentalism, stuffed birds and beasts are a popular show, and a Museum is, after all, a great sight to unscientific holiday-makers. Their convenience ought to be studied, and there can be no question that the most central site in London is infinitely more convenient to general visitors—that is, to the British nation, who pay for the Museum—than a suburban site; and all the arguments for keeping the National Pictures at Charing Cross apply with tenfold force to retaining the Natural History collection at the British Museum.

These, however, were not the only considerations which helped to the defeat of the Government Bill. Something was due to the lucky chance of exhibiting an affectation of economy; and the new-born zeal for saving, which Mr. Disraeli has found it convenient for other purposes to simulate, fired his party to take advantage of a cheap opportunity of writing something on the new leaf which they have just turned over. But the worst vice of the bill was that it perpetuated the Trustee scheme for no purpose whatever except the invincible tendency of Government to keep up a stupid arrangement, only because it is an arrangement. The House of Commons might, perhaps, have been persuaded to send the cockatoos and polecats to Brompton, were they not to go under the custodianship of the hereditary Trustees. But when it was known that Mr. Cracherode's heirs and representatives were to reign supreme at Brompton, and that the hereditary dynasty of Sloane was not to be interfered with, indignation and common sense asserted their claims to be heard. The threatened dispersion might almost have recommended itself to public confidence had it been garnished by the cheap boon of the suppression of the present Trustee system. But Lord Palmerston was too idle to construct a new scheme of Museum management; and the House of Commons dropped with significant contempt a scheme condemned as much by its crudity as by its unpopularity.

In the meantime, the future of the Museum is an object of grave solicitude. There is war within Ilum as well as without. The evidence taken by Mr. Gregory's Committee shows a state of things fatal to all good management. Nobody seems to work with anybody else. There are two bodies among the Trustees themselves; and the working committees will never work well if, on serious questions, their convictions are always liable to be superseded by a sudden raid of Treasury and official Trustees, who never make their appearance at the Trustee meetings except for the purposes of a surprise or a *coup d'état*. And among the officers themselves there is anything but harmony. Mr. Panizzi's hand is against every department, and undoubtedly every department is against him. Professor Owen and Dr. Gray contradict each other, according to the use of scientific men, and each seems to desire to make the National Collection a means of carrying out his own scientific theories. The greatest naturalist in England claims his five or ten acres of ground for Natural History alone, and asks a home for every variety of elephant and whale, only because it suits a certain theory to show that varieties are as scientifically important as species; and because Dr. Gray detests the biological views of Mr. Darwin, he goes so far as to say, in order to bolster up his typical theory, that we already exhibit too many specimens of Natural History. Then, no sooner does one superintendent produce a scheme for extending the Museum on its present site than a brother officer comes down with an elaborate coloured lithograph to prove that his rival is wrong in every particular. And so the fray waxes hotter and hotter, only because the domestic government is

tending to anarchy, and it can hardly be expected that a mild Archbishop and an over-burdened Speaker can rule this elemental war. Sooner or later, some such scheme as that of Lord Henry Lennox must be adopted in the extremity of despair. The British Museum cannot govern itself. Direct Parliamentary control, and direct responsibility to Parliament, must be introduced; and till the moral question is solved, we must tide over the material one as we can. As soon as those most concerned have set their present house in order, the nation will be ready to give them a new home and better halls; but at present the happy family at Bloomsbury must put up with that discomfort, crowding, squeezing, and quarrelling which only exhibit the disorder which, we fear, reigns within.

REVIEWS.

GOBLIN MARKET AND OTHER POEMS.*

MISS ROSSETTI'S poetical power is most undeniable. She is gifted with a very good musical ear, great strength and clearness of language, and a vivid imagination, which only now and then wants to be restrained. Some of the shorter pieces in the volume she has just published are as faultless in expression, as picturesque in effect, and as high in purity of tone as any modern poem that can be named. It is a pleasure to meet an authoress who has obviously given such conscientious labour to the tasks she has set herself to accomplish, and who has succeeded so frequently in saying the right thing to be said in the best and shortest way.

Yet there is one ground upon which we are inclined to quarrel with Miss Rossetti; and that ground is the poem which is placed in the front of her volume and of its title. *Goblin Market* is a story of too flimsy and unsubstantial a character to justify or to bear the elaborate detail with which it is worked out. As it deduces a moral at the close in favour of sisterly affection, it may be presumed to be in some sense or other an allegory. But what the allegory is, or how far it runs upon all-fours with that of which it is the shadow, we cannot undertake to say. The result, which appears clear, is that the mysterious forbidden fruit sold by the goblins is only hurtful when coveted and purchased for its own sake. The greedy young lady, Laura, who feasts upon some which she is tempted to buy with a golden curl, is punished afterwards by an irresistible longing for more, which the malicious goblins refuse to gratify. Her discreet sister, Lizzie, resists the temptation on her own account; but, when she finds Laura pining to death for want of the magical fruit, she bravely enters the goblin market with a silver penny, for her sister's sake. The goblins, however, will not sell their dainties to be consumed off the premises; and Lizzie returns home, after undergoing a great deal of ill-treatment at their hands, smeared over the face with the juices of the fruit which they had tried to force her to eat in their presence. Although in a sufficiently uncomfortable physical condition, she is full of inward laughter, since in this way she has brought home some of the juice to refresh her sister, without compromising her own character. But the taste, which had once been so sweet, is now merely bitter; and Laura's melancholy culminates in a critical night of illness, of that vague kind which is to be met with more frequently in poetical than in common life, from which she rises, without any apparent reason for the change, as strong and happy as if she had never purchased in the goblin market. It is satisfactory to know that both Laura and Lizzie were in due course married, and lived happily ever afterwards—also that Laura used to call their little ones round her, and tell them in sober seriousness of her own adventure and Lizzie's devotion, as an inducement to the cultivation of family affection and trust. Where the moral inculcated is so excellent and proper, it may seem ungracious to complain of the unreal texture of the fable through which it is conveyed. The language of the story is very graceful and musical, and the picture of the sisters in their daily labour and rest is drawn with a pretty simplicity which gives a momentary substantiality to the dream-land in which they live:—

Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest
Folded in each other's wings,
They lay down in their curtain'd bed;
Like two blossoms on one stem,
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow,
Like two wands of ivory
Tipped with gold for awful kings,
Moon and stars gazed in at them,
Wind sang to them lullaby,
Lumbering owls forbore to fly,
Not a bat flapped to and fro
Round their nest:
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast,
Locked together in one nest.

Early in the morning
When the first cock crow'd his warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie;
Fetch'd in honey, milk'd the cows,
Aired and set to rights the house,
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
Next churn'd butter, whipped up cream,

Fed their poultry, sat and sew'd;
Talk'd as modest maidens should;
Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,
One content, one sick in part;
One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,
One longing for the night.

Altogether, they are two as sweet little pastoral figures as were ever modelled in china or painted by Watteau. But the very skilfulness of the pains bestowed upon them adds to our regret that the subject is not more worthy of the handling. An artist of Miss Rossetti's power ought to know by instinct a theme which will bear filling out with shape and colour, from one of which the inconsecutiveness and unreality show only the more strongly in proportion to the labour used in its embodiment and ornament. A picture of which half is a photographically accurate representation of nature, and the other half a purely symbolical imagination worked out with equal distinctness and detail, can never be really harmonious or satisfactory; and the same may be said of a story. The eye and the ear equally like to know to what extent they are bound to believe what they see and hear, and what is the result of it all. The reader of *Goblin Market* may be carried on by the pleasant flow of sound and stream of imagery; but the real thought of the poem is a mere rope of sand, carrying no deeper consistency or meaning than the revelations from the unseen world interpreted now-a-days by a professional spirit-medium.

Miss Rossetti's genius appears to tend very naturally towards symbolical expression. One of the most perfect little pieces in the volume is the statement of a very serious enigma called *Up-hill*. It is remarkable for saying not more than is needed on a text which tempts many sermonizers to be prolix:—

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.
But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.
Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.
Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

There is a subdued and grave simplicity about these stanzas which very clearly marks Miss Rossetti's power of accommodating her style to the subject. Equal simplicity, combined with a more detailed picturesqueness and a more plaintive tone, is to be found in *An Apple-Gathering*, which originally appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*:—

I plucked pink blossoms from mine apple-tree,
And wore them all that evening in my hair:
Then in due season when I went to see
I found no apples there.
With dangling basket all along the grass,
As I had come I went the self-same track:
My neighbours mocked me while they saw me pass
So empty-handed back.
Lilian and Lillias smiled in trudging by;
Their heaped-up basket teased me like a jeer:
Sweet-voiced they sang beneath the sunset sky,
Their mother's home was near.
Plump Gertrude passed me with her basket full,
A stronger hand than hers helped it along:
A voice talked with her through the shadows cool,
More sweet to me than song.
Ah! Willie, Willie, was my love less worth
Than apples with their green leaves piled above?
I counted rosier apples on the earth
Of far less worth than love.
So once it was with me you stooped to talk,
Laughing and listening in this very lane:
To think that by this way we used to walk
We shall not walk again!
I let my neighbours pass me, ones and twos,
And groups: the latest said the night grew chill,
And hastened: but I loitered, while the dews
Fell fast I loitered still.

Severe critics may perhaps remark upon the extreme subdivision of property involved in the conditions of the poem, as being rare in English villages. It might certainly be difficult in any given hamlet to find a young damsel owning just one apple-tree, and that so small an apple-tree as to have borne blossoms enough to wear in her hair for a single evening only. And it might be equally difficult to find that young damsel so very much in love as to omit to draw and to remember the easy inference, that if she plucked all the blossoms in May there would be no fruit to carry home in October. Any ordinary young woman would hardly have carried out her basket under such circumstances to see whether an abnormal crop was somehow waiting to be brought home from her little orchard. But the heroine of so pretty and touching a sketch has a right to be exceptionally circumstanced, and even exceptionally given to wool-gathering. When Count Almaviva sings a long and lively trio with his mistress and the barber of Seville, to explain that they intend to slip away noise-

* *Goblin Market and other Poems*. By Christina Rossetti. Macmillan & Co.

lessly by the balcony and ladder, instead of really slipping away without any noise at all, our musical sense supersedes our practical sense so far as to render the arrangement quite natural and satisfactory. We accept the conventional necessity that persons in a hurry to decamp quietly should stay on the stage and sing, as a law of operatic existence to which prosaic proprieties must give way. In the same way, we accept the central figure of the desolate young girl with the empty apple-basket, as a fact to which all the surrounding details are accessory. The idea of the composition is rather pictorial than poetical; and it is so graceful when regarded in this light that we can afford to overlook the slight artifices of the verbal interpretation which Miss Rossetti has given to her own painter's imaginings. The foundation of the whole picture is a genuine and human sentiment, quite different from the sheer unreality which underlies the conception of the Goblin Market; and for the strength and success with which this sentiment has been caught and impressed upon the sense of the reader, it is prudent to forgive some of the questionable truth of detail.

The devotional poems which fill a large portion of this volume are excellent in tone, and generally very clear and good in expression. Every reader of one of these called "From House to Home," will be forcibly reminded of the manner of Mr. Tennyson's "Palace of Art and Dream of Fair Women;" but the poem is not wanting in originality of thought. The highest specimens of Miss Rossetti's power, however, will be found in the secular division of her works. There is truth as well as pathos in the following expansion of a very natural sentiment—the fear of personal oblivion in one's own home:—

When I was dead, my spirit turned
To seek the much frequented house;
I passed the door, and saw my friends
Feasting beneath green orange boughs:
From hand to hand they pushed the wine,
They sucked the pulp of plum and peach;
They sang, they jested, and they laughed,
For each was loved of each.

I listened to their honest chat;
Said one: "To-morrow we shall be
Plod, plod along the featureless sands,
And coasting miles and miles of sea."
Said one: "Before the turn of tide
We will achieve the syrie-seat."
Said one: "To-morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet."

"To-morrow," said they, strong with hope,
And dwelt upon the pleasant way;
"To-morrow," cried they one and all,
While no one spoke of yesterday.
Then life stood full at blessed noon,
I, only I, had passed away:
"To-morrow and to-day," they cried;
I was of yesterday.

I shivered comfortless, but cast
No chill across the table-cloth;
I all-forgotten shivered, sad
To stay and yet to part how loth
I passed from the familiar room,
I who from love had passed away,
Like the remembrance of a guest
That tarrieth but a day.

It would be easy to point out various instances of a slight affectation in language and in rhythm, and an unnecessary preference for the use of unfamiliar in lieu of familiar terms. Such faults are, perhaps, theoretically, less excusable in an authoress who shows her thorough command of metre, and of a very sufficient vocabulary of good sterling English. Yet in such a case these errors are practically the more venial, as they may be expected to correct themselves in the course of study. Miss Rossetti displays the talent of conscientious hard work in her verses, as Mr. Rossetti does in his very remarkable and original paintings. Sooner or later they will both, as we trust, work out for themselves in their respective arts the desirable conviction that quaintness is not strength, and that it generally interferes with beauty.

THE TRAIL OF HISTORY.*

THE Rev. T. M. Merriman, of Vermont, U.S., has undertaken to rearrange the history of the world. He has a new plan of writing history, which he says offers two great advantages. In the first place, it gives us the true key to the past; and, secondly, it makes history almost ludicrously easy to remember. This, as he justly remarks, ought to make it everywhere acceptable, "from the College and Sabbath-school to the District-school." The first great art of the author has been to write the history of Religion, and then to write the history of Empire, that is, he first treats of the religious and then of the secular history of the world, and a map shows how the two are chronologically connected. His second great device has been to divide history into ages. There is the Patriarchal Age, and the Age of War for Power, and the Age of War for Opinion, and lastly, the Age of Consolidation. History is also somehow divided into periods, of which Mr. Merriman says, "The periods have no particular reference to the ages, but are, so to speak, the spotted trees along the trail of history." The mere division of the thing on so good a principle is, we are assured, enough to make history as clear as the alphabet to every

Sunday scholar. If all history is summed up in four ages and a few spotted trees, a baby can surely master it. But Mr. Merriman has also made a special discovery which makes it very simple to marshal the facts of history, and very easy to retain their order in our mind. He has discovered that every great event before Christ has a corresponding great event exactly the same number of years after Christ. This certainly halves the trouble, for if we know one date we know the other; and besides, we thus learn to admire the startling symmetry which pervades the march of events. For instance, six hundred years before Christ there was the captivity of the Jews. Six hundred years after Christ "we find the first Pope, or the captivity of the Church" (the dates are not quite exact, but we cannot expect the harmony of the universe to go into the odd numbers). A thousand years before Christ Solomon built his Temple. A thousand years after Christ brings us into the Dark Ages (the harmony, Mr. Merriman explains, is here one of contrast). Moses was as much before the Christian era as the Reformation was after. And lastly, "eighteen hundred and sixty years before Christ, and we are with Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Shem, and Job. Come down eighteen hundred and sixty years after Christ, and we are literally in the midst of our own peculiar wonderful time." Everyone must allow this is a very striking coincidence, and eminently adapted to impress the memory of Sunday schools.

The History of Religion begins with the Creation, and ends with the marriage of the Rev. Mr. Judson, U. S. Missionary, with Miss Ann Heseltine, and the departure of the young couple to Burmah in the brig *Caravan*. Mr. Merriman has taken the trouble to follow the whole course of Bible history, and to transmute the familiar stories into the language of ordinary American life, interspersing explanatory remarks, and not abstaining from occasional hypotheses on interesting points. Thus, for example, if we open the volume at the pages where the fortunes of the survivors of the deluge are recorded, we find Mr. Merriman telling his Sunday-school readers that "Noah immediately betook himself to the business of farming," and then taking occasion to remark that "it is evident Noah did not live in times of total abstinence." A little further on, he argues that Shem and Melchizedek were the same person. Or, to speak more accurately, he does not exactly argue that this is so, for he owns that there is not the very slightest reason whatever for thinking it to be the case; but, as he says, "since it is not known who Melchizedek was, we are robbing no one by bestowing this honourable title upon Shem." We fancy, however, that we have seen this style of commenting on the Bible in other writers than Mr. Merriman, and so its invention is not one of his claims on our gratitude. The Age of War for Power begins with Moses, and goes down through the rest of the Old Testament period; and the Age of the War for Opinion ends with the Council of Trent, and somehow stops short before the times of the great contest between the Puritans and Cavaliers and the Thirty Years' War. These belong to the Age of Consolidation, the leading feature in which is the purchase of Rhode Island by Roger Williams, on which Mr. Merriman comments with unusual emphasis:—"Behold the child Religious Liberty, born in 1526 under Dr. Luther, now come of age, and set up for himself under his last guardian, Roger Williams. Here are dissolved the banners of wedlock solemnized by the Emperor Constantine between the Roman Empire and the Christian Church in 306, divorced by Roger Williams in 1638." It does not appear that anything else of great importance has happened since in the Age of Consolidation, excepting, of course, Judson's marriage; so that this, we fancy, will always be the favourite age of Sunday-schools. It appears it is to be the last of all ages, and Mr. Merriman's art of the symmetry of the universe enables us to tell (though he is not quite confident of the point) when it will end. "Go back 2348 years, and we come to the destruction of the world by water. Look forward to 2348 years after Christ, and what impropriety is there in suspecting that then will come the destruction of the world by fire?"

During the four hundred years or so thus remaining to us, the world, it appears, will gradually be brought nearer and nearer to the present blessed condition of the United States; for all history has culminated in the Federal Constitution as in its final flower and glory. In this Constitution all the ages meet. "We have the Patriarchal Age, represented by the chief magistrate of the nation; the Age of War for Power, seen in the civil government of the country (this age is curiously conspicuous just at present); the Age of War for Opinion, gleaming forth in the religious liberty enjoyed;" and, as all the ages thus meet, it would be rather odd if we did not also have an Age of Consolidation. The two streams of Religion and Empire are found in the United States, and nowhere else. There we have "a healthy, vigorous Church, unimpeded by Government pap, and untrammelled by State fetters; and, on the other hand, a free, prosperous, and powerful Government, ranking first among the nations of the earth, unburdened of excessive church-rates, and liable to no Papal interdicts." In fact, this must be so, for Religion and Empire have always been steadily going West, and now they have got to America there is no further for them to go. But, although they can no longer move westward, they are not idle. They are gloriously advancing in the United States, and, "besides this internal work, they are rolling back in the pathway of nations an influence for good in the Old World that, like heaven, is destined to lighten the whole lump." The Old World ought to be very thankful; for, until it got to America, the trail of history was, we learn, a very sorrowful affair. It has been a long course of bloody, unmeaning, profitless wars, which have caused

* *The Trail of History; or, History of Religion and Empire in Parallel, from the Creation to the Present Time.* By the Rev. T. M. Merriman. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1862.

unspeakable misery, raised undying hatreds, and ended in nothing. From anything of that sort America has been happily preserved by the enforced and perpetual residence within her of Religion and Empire, which are kept there by a star that cannot move from west to east. But even in America thoughtful Sunday-schoolers must feel that they are a little tainted with the guilt of their ancestors, and a little near to their sins, or, as Mr. Merriman puts it, in the unfettered language of pulpit eloquence:—

Well may a reader say, If this be our fathers' trail, as for the spots an enemy hath done this before or after the fathers had passed. But hold, confounded reader! stand amazed! let thy limbs shake, and thy knees smite! believe or be damned!—these are the fathers' spots! What, blood and . . . Silence, man, an unbelieving hell awaits thee unless thou receive it; the fathers' spots are these! Ah, me, with faith as a grain of mustard seed, I believe! Well hast thou done to take it in! And learn thou from this not to do as they have done, that none after thee may have to say of thy spots, ah, me!

It is possible that some English reader may be inclined, if ever the *Trial of History* comes in his way, to make a remark or two of a rather different kind. He may think this elaborate pretentious volume, with its diagram of ages and periods, and its six hundred octavo pages, a great piece of humbug. He may laugh at the ignorance that divides all history into religious and secular, and maps out the past into distinct ages. He may recoil from the empty rapid way in which the Bible is toned down to meet the demands of the vulgar for a conventional style. He may exclaim against the audacity with which the silliest hypotheses are intruded as commentaries, and against the impudent manipulation of dates and facts by which the symmetry of the universe is made out. He may wonder at the nonsense of thinking that the history of the world culminates in the constitution of a single country, and at the calmness of the assumption that the particular set of things and people with which the writer is familiar is intended by Providence to be the ideal of all ages. This is all very true; but if he really thinks and feels all this, let him throw Mr. Merriman's volume aside and quietly think over the characteristics of the literature that is ordinarily produced in England as having what Mr. Merriman calls "a particular adaptedness to the general reader, the Sabbath school, and the Bible class." Perhaps the survey may make him regard this poor Yankee with some indulgence.

THE THEORY OF THE ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.*

AN heretical opinion, we have heard, has lately sprung up in Oxford—"monstrorum ferox"—that Virgil is a greater poet than Homer. The old Parnassian orthodoxy could not be more deeply scandalized, and we trust that the authorities, thus seasonably warned, will take sharp and swift measures utterly to extirpate the novelty. We, for our part, would not wittingly breathe a word in extenuation of such critical pravity. Nevertheless we would suggest that these young fanatics are not the only sinners among us, and we would urge the sworn defenders of the faith to look around them, and deal at least a side-blow on the canonists and pardoners, the Eckiuses and the Teitzels, who, by their extravagant pretensions and flagrant abuses, are driving our ingenuous youth into these pestilential courses. Much of this lamentable error lies, we fear, at the door of Mr. Gladstone, not for the extravagance of his encomiums on our divine poet—for no praises of the divine Hercules or the divine Homer can be excessive—but for the fantastic cult he has solemnized in his honour, and the mass of superstitious opinions he has broached concerning him. But upon the English Hexametricians in general, and Lord Lindsay in particular, who by theory and example are doing their very best to bring our old idol into disrepute, we would have no mercy whatever. Let us have a grand *auto-da-fé* of these corrupters of youth—the Whewells and Herschels, and other hoary offenders. Professor Arnold should be spared for the present, in consideration of his youth and evident inexperience. Mr. Dart, from respect for his unhappy enthusiasm, should be accommodated with a bag of gunpowder. But Lord Lindsay deserves no better than green faggots and a basting with oil, and to such we critically condemn him. When we have thus delivered our conscience, and made this righteous sacrifice to justice, we shall be more free to deal with our natural lenity with the weak but misguided Virgilians.

We charge Lord Lindsay with the crime of driving simple folk from the customary worship of Homer by the contempt into which he brings him through his crotchets about translation into English Hexameters (falsely so-called), and by the intolerably bad English Hexameters in which he has travestied him. A few specimens of this pretended versification will make it perhaps unnecessary to deal seriously with the theory on which they profess to be founded. Not to waste time on the subject, we cite at once the following lines, which are meant, in all simplicity, to persuade us into the adoption of the supposed Homeric metre for translation of Homer into English:—

1. Atreus' offspring, king of men, and godlike Achilles.
2. Give her, honouring the son of Jove, far-darting Apollo.
3. Heed thee, old man! let me not find thee here 'mong the hollow vessels.
4. Go, cross me not! I say, while thou mayest in safety.
5. Sat all night, and many fires were burning among them.
6. For on the one side Scylla tower'd and fell Charybdis, Dreadful oppos'd, was sucking back the floods of the ocean.

* The Theory of the English Hexameters, &c., &c. By Lord Lindsay. Murray. 1862.

So confident, indeed, is Lord Lindsay of his metrical powers, that he ventures, in *gaieté de cœur*, on the bold experiment of writing a passage like prose, as if to defy us to ignore its true Homeric rhythm:—

Then might you see the blue eyes and the agle-shield of Athens, rich in immortal youth, with a hundred fringes suspended, golden, well woven, and each worth a hecatomb; eager she hurried, clad even thus, through the host, and roused every soul of the Argives boldly to advance, to war and fight on, were it even for ever. Sweet again seem'd the war, nor thought they any more of returning in hollow ships to their own belov'd land of Achaia.

This would be very bad prose certainly—bald, disjointed, obscure, unidiomatic; but this is not enough to stamp it as verse. We hear in it no echo of the Hexameter, unless it be in the fall of the Greek names occasionally recurring. It will not do, indeed. As for the theory of English Hexameters, we have not space nor inclination to enter much into a discussion which has been for some time past bandied about, not very profitably, from pamphlet to review and magazine. Nor, on this occasion, have we any call to do so; for Lord Lindsay, while putting forth specimens of what he still designates as Hexameters, has substantially given it up. Thus, he says:—

If once the poet be thoroughly imbued with the melody of the verse, he cannot go far wrong; he may introduce an occasional variation, but it will be impossible for him to sing out of tune. . . . I may enumerate these permissible licences, these variations *ad libitum*, the substitution of the Molesma (- - -) [he should have said Amphibrachys], for the initial Dactyl or Trochee at certain intervals [e.g. "Andromache, the noble-hearted Eteion's daughter"]; the occasional but rare exchange of the penultimate Dactyl for an Anapast [e.g., "Braves, peradventure, the Gods on the thresholds of their own temples"]; and the reduplication of the Trochee from time to time in the two last feet of the measure; but these liberties should be sparingly indulged in. . . . The variations I speak of are, under the above restriction, absolutely necessary to ensure a due variety of the verse, and prevent its besetting sin (in English) monotony.

And this theory Lord Lindsay proceeds to exemplify in a passage of eighty or a hundred lines from the Sixth book of the *Iliad*, overrun with verses like the following:—

Büt önlý sorrow; I have no father or gracious mother.
Büt thou, Ó Hectör, art father to me and gracious mother.
Ástýanax, for Hector alone was the buckler of Ilium.

There is no doubt that this is a licence we commonly adopt in our reading of the Greek hexameter. Lord Lindsay catches our own slaphop pronunciation of the original, and reproduces it in English. He makes us scourges of our pleasant sins—he retorts upon us our own carelessness or indolence, or it may be our natural inability to trace the secret of the true Greek pronunciation. But people don't like to be thus confronted with their own delinquencies and to be twitted with the *argumentum ad hominem*:—"This is the way you really serve Homer's Greek; you at least cannot complain of my so serving him in English."

The fact is, there are three ways of reading Homer's verse. First, we may read it by quantity; but it is certain that the Greeks themselves did not read by quantity; and we find the attempt to do so practically intolerable, as might be expected, from its monotony. Secondly, we may read it by accent (if we can), as the modern Greeks are said to read it; but no English ear has ever been able to make any harmony out of Greek verse so read. Thirdly, we may read it at random, or so to say, higgledy-piggledy, and this is what most Englishmen do; neither by accent nor quantity, but by a mixture of both—by Greek quantity and English accent—a mere barbarism which we can neither defend nor explain, which few of us practise alike, which our purists in antiquity and melody equally rail against, which we know to be utterly wrong and senseless, and are heartily ashamed of, and only cling to because we do not find that any truer theory can be carried out in practice. Yet even in this usage we are not uniform or consistent. Brown, who has been at Eton, mouths outright oulómmeenee. Jones, who studies under a private tutor, lisps fastidiously oulómmeenee. Robinson, whose brother has been in the Levant, will hear of nothing but oulóménna. For ourselves, we sometimes say the word one way, sometimes another—we are apt to vary our utterance with the whim or mood of the moment. Is not this a true representation of the case? If so, what would the English Hexametricians have? Would they have us read their Hexameters as the Greeks themselves might do, which, in our ears, is no rhythm at all? or would they have us read them by quantity, which is allowed to be intolerable? or would they have us read them as we do actually read Homer's own Greek, which we have shown to be vicious, barbarous, inconsistent, irregular to the last degree? We only ask to be let alone with a fault which cannot be corrected. Let us go on stumbling and stammering over our oulómmeenee, our Andromache, our Ástýanax—it is, after all, a matter more of association and of eye than of ear and prosody; but spare us at least the pain of having the lingual deficiencies which we acknowledge and deplore, paraded before us as the basis or principle of the new versification.

The question, however, how, if not in Hexameters, is Homer to be translated? is more worthy of consideration. Yet to this question—difficult, perhaps hopeless, as it is of a just solution—we might be inclined curtly to answer, "Nous n'en voyons pas la nécessité." We do not suppose that Homer can be adequately rendered by any literal version, and fortunately we do not think it necessary, or even desirable, that he should be. The poet of one age and state of society can hardly be transferred with all his spirit into the language of another widely different; nor, if he could, would he be duly appreciated in it.

Homer corresponds most nearly, though far from completely, with the poets of our genuine ballad era. Such is his plainness, his simplicity, his unconsciousness. The *Iliad* might therefore be most closely, though still by no means accurately or adequately, reproduced in the English ballad metre, or in the form familiar to readers of German in the analogous composition of the *Nibelungenlied*. This, we believe, is very commonly admitted in principle; but it is objected that such rendering would be intolerably monotonous. We admit it, but from the nature of things it is, we believe, unavoidable. The poetry of a simple age is monotonous, intolerably monotonous, to a refined and possibly a corrupt one. We can indeed endure, we can admire and relish such simplicity in a foreign language, particularly in a language of such grace and power as the Greek, while we reject it as nauseous in the uncouth and bastard English in which we can alone reproduce it. No art, no inspiration, could give to modern ballad-English the genuine bouquet of the antique, still less the transmarine flavour of the original. But if translation into ballad-metre must be abandoned as impracticable, there is certainly no other of our recognised forms of verse in which we could hope for success. A faithful and literal translation is then impossible. The only alternative is to paraphrase, to give equivalents, to reproduce Homer as Homer might be supposed to write in a period corresponding to our own. The result will be very unsatisfactory, but it is the best perhaps that we can hope for; and Pope and Cowper—not to mention modern experimenters, and particularly the spirited author of a late Spenserian version—may present us with many models of various merit and success, all fine as English poetry, none bearing any vital resemblance to their model and master. One style and metre yet remains, strange to say, yet unattempted on a large scale, which seems to us to offer the fairest solution of the problem. Scott is commonly regarded as the most Homeric of our poets. He comes nearest to our idea of Homer the living man, and, had he lived under the same conditions, might have seen, felt, and sung most like to him. Scott is a happy anachronism. He should have lived some centuries earlier. But as he was thrown by a freak of nature into the nineteenth century, he may represent to us most closely what Homer would have been, and what he would have written in our day. Then let us look to Scott for our model of the Homeric paraphrase. Translation, as we have said, is out of the question. Mr. Gladstone has already made some experiments in this direction; and the literary world, which seems to think that our versatile financier has nothing to do but to write poetry, philosophy, criticism, and history, is not without hopes that he is even now amusing his leisure with a complete version of his favourite. He has done more than he thinks to bring Homer into temporary discredit by a reaction from the enthusiasm created by his rash and eccentric "Studies." Let him claim the adventure of the Scottish paraphrase. We will not indeed assure him of success, but we shall look to his conduct in the field with hope and interest, and will promise at least to judge it with respect and tenderness.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.*

THIS book is a reprint of a series of papers which began to appear in *Blackwood's Magazine* in or near the year 1830, and which gained from a high authority the praise of being "the most brilliant series of magazine papers of the time." We can say, from personal experience, that they are not the sort of thing to put in a boy's way when he ought to learn his lessons. It often turns out, however, that hours which seemed to have been mispent were not really so. In our case, the lessons which *Tom Cringle's Log* displaced might have been useful or they might not, but it is certain that, having read this book with all a boy's relish for illicit pleasure, we now find, after the lapse of more years than we like to reckon, that the task of reviewing it is rendered easier when it comes in the shape of a new and illustrated edition, to entice a new generation of schoolboys from their tasks.

When we say that Tom Cringle was a midshipman, and that this book is the history of his adventures, it may perhaps be thought that the reading public has had enough of such books, new and old, and that a fresh contribution to the already overwhelming stock of naval novels is quite uncalled for. But a book which even one reader is ready to testify that he cannot forget, must surely deserve attention in an age which is lamentably prolific in books which nobody is able to remember. At any rate, we have resolved to try whether we can make the book appear attractive, knowing as we do exactly where to turn for those passages which we once thought so interesting. The first chapter is perhaps the best. It exhibits with artistic skill and truth of detail the humble part which Tom Cringle is made to play in the great European contest of 1813. He is a midshipman on board the 18-gun brig *Torch*, which is employed to land an emissary of some sort from England at the mouth of the Elbe, to help in stirring up hostility to the French. We notice, now that we are grown big enough to be critical, how lifelike is the description of the fleet of fishing-boats and their crews which the *Torch* encounters in the North Sea. Formerly, no doubt, our attention was wholly fixed on the skirmish between the *Torch's* boats and the French troops which are encountered, contrary to expectation, on the shore. Here is the first glimpse which we get of the possibility of hostilities. The *Torch* can obtain no answer to her

signals, and the emissary and the captain are on deck trying to make out the cause of this unfriendly silence:—

"It cannot surely be possib dat de Prussian and Hanoverian troop have left de place, and dat dese dem Franceman ave advance so far as de Elbe autrefois, dat ish, once more?"

"French!" said Deadeye, "poo, nonsense; no French hereabouts; none nearer than those cooped up in Hamburg with Davoust, take my word for it."

"I sall take your vord for anything else in de large world, mi capitaine; but I see something glance behind dat rampart, parapet you call, dat look dem like de shako of de infanterie légère of dat willain de Emperor Napoleon. Ah! I see de red worsted epaulet of de grenadier also. Sacre! vat is dat poof of vite smoke?"

A shot that killed three men proved that the French were there sure enough. The *Torch* hauled off, and at night a boat with muffled oars pulled for a breach in the dike to carry the emissary on shore. This breach had been cut by the French to inundate the country. A strong current pouring through the breach bore the boat quickly into the smooth water beyond, and she made for lights which twinkled in the distance, apparently in some village on an embankment. As the boat approached some houses, the emissary hailed in German, and was answered by the musket of a French sentry. A volley followed, and then cannon and rockets opened. The boat was pulled round and steered for the opening in the dike, although, the current being strong against her, she made but little way, while the chance of being cut off by the French getting first to the gap became alarming. The emissary was in great tribulation. The crew strained at their oars, but, as the flood made, the current increased, and they barely held their own.

"Steer her out of the current, man," said the lieutenant to the coxswain. The man put the tiller to port as he was ordered.

"Vat you dot perchase a ting for, Mr. Capitain Lieutenant?" said the emissary. "Oh! you not sohawe you are rone in onder de igh bank! How you sall satisfy me no France infanterie légère dare, too, more as in de fort, eh? How you sall satisfy me, Mr. Capitain Lieutenant, eh?"

"Hold your blasted tongue, will you?" said Treenail, "and the infantry légère be damned simply."

Presently the boat meets three other boats which had been sent from the *Torch* in support. As the officers are conferring, they hear the rumbling and rattling sound of artillery scampering along the dike. Three rockets hissed up in the dark sky, and the hull and rigging of the sloop glanced for an instant in the blue-white glare, and vanished. This was a signal of recall. The boats pulled hard, and were now near the opening. All was quiet on the dike. "Thank God, they have retreated," said Mr. Treenail. A gruff voice undeceived him the next moment:—

"There they are still. Marines, stand by; don't throw away a shot. Men, pull like fury. So—give way, my lads. A minute of that strain will shoot us alongside of the old brig—that's it—hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the men in answer; but his and their exclamations were cut short by a volley of musketry. The fierce moustaches, pale faces, glazed shakoes, blue uniforms, and red epaulets of the French infantry glanced for a moment, and then all was dark again.

"Fire!" The marines in the three boats returned the salute, and by the flashes we saw three pieces of field artillery in the very act of being unlimbered.

A shot from one of these guns stove in the boat in which Tom Cringle was, and he became prisoner to the French while yet struggling in the water. He was taken up the Elbe to Hamburg, and conducted to the head-quarters of the general commanding. The house, and a splendid room in it, are described with that minute, and yet not fatiguing, detail in which the book abounds. At a small table in this room sat an officer about forty-five years of age. There was nothing very peculiar in his aspect; he was a middle-sized man, well-made apparently. He sat on one chair with his legs supported on another. His sword had been inadvertently placed on the table, so that the steel hilt rested on the ornamental part of the metal stove. We omit the particulars of his dress and person, although they are admirably contrived to bring the very man before our eyes. The captor of Tom Cringle reports the skirmish and begs that the prisoner may be granted his parole. In a sudden fit of hardihood Tom declines to give any promise, and declares his intention to attempt escaping. Enraged at this audacity, the officer before whom he stands orders him to be shot instantly. The staff-officer hesitates to execute this cruel order—"hangs in the wind," as sailors say—and thus irritates the general still more.

"Sentry—sentry—a file of grenadiers—take him forth, and—!" Here he energetically clutched the steel hilt of his sword, and instantly dashed it from him. "Sacre! the devil—what is that?" and straightway he began to pirouette on one leg round the room, shaking his right hand and blowing his fingers. The officers in waiting could not stand it any longer, and burst into a fit of laughter, in which their commanding officer, after an unavailing attempt to look serious—I should rather write fierce—joined; and there he was, the bloody Davoust, Duke of Auerstadt, Prince of Eckmühl, the Hamburg Robespierre, dancing all round the room, in a regular guffaw, like to split his sides. The heated stove had made his sword, which rested on it, nearly red-hot.

This droll incident saved Tom Cringle's life, and, when the French were driven out of Hamburg, he regained his liberty.

The author of this book had lived much in the West Indies, and his great strength lay in description of the scenery and habits of life with which he was so familiar. Being conscious of this faculty, he lost no time in despatching the *Torch* for a cruise in latitudes fertile in adventure, fun, and frolic. It was natural that she should have an interview with one of the American frigates which in those days became so famous. The skipper of the *Torch* had been all his life in line-of-battle ships or heavy frigates, and it was a tough job under any circumstances to per-

* *Tom Cringle's Log*. By Michael Scott. A New Edition, with Illustrations. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1862.

suade him of the propriety of "up-stick and away," as his crew soon felt to their cost. "The enemy yawned, and indulged us with a sight of his teeth; and there he was," &c. We omit, for the sake of brevity, a description of this enemy and of the action, which is in its way perfect. It must suffice that the *Torch* escapes, crippled and bedevilled, to the Bermudas, whereshe sets about counting casualties and repairing damages. It is remarked in passing of the Bermudians, that "they are all Yankees at bottom; and if they could get their 365 islands—so they call the large stones on which they live—under weigh, they would not be long in towing them into the *Chesapeake*." While superintending some work on deck, Tom slipped and capsized against a peg sticking out of one of the scuppers. He damned the cause of his fall incontinently, whereupon the cook, who was passing, said, "Don't damn the remains of your fellow-mortals, Master Cringle; that is my leg." Here follows some account of ships' cooks and their qualifications. This one had been appointed because he had been Lord Nelson's coxswain, was a drunken rascal, and had a wooden leg. His science just sufficed to watch the copper where the salt junk was boiling. Having been a little in the wind overnight, he had quartered himself at a gun, where he had no business to be, and in running it out he had jammed his toe in a scupper-hole, so fast that there was no extricating him, and notwithstanding his piteous entreaty "to be eased out handsomely, as the leg was made out of a timber of the *Victory*," the captain of the gun, finding, after a stout pull, that the man was likely "to come home in his hand without the leg," was forced "to break him short off," as he phrased it, to get him out of the way and let the carriage traverse. He now calls the doctor's attention to the remnant of his leg, still sticking in the scupper-hole, and complains that his case has been neglected. "Had I been looked after, amputation might have been unnecessary; a fish might have done, whereas I have had to be spliced." The next calamity of the action which comes to light is the death of a pet pig of the sailors called "the Purser." A negro cook's-assistant explains to the captain that "de people call him Purser, sir, because him knowing chap; him cabbage all de grub, slush, and stuff in him own corner, and give only de small bit, and de bad piece, to de oder pig."

Among many droll incidents of which Jamaica is made the scene, this perhaps is one of the most amusing. Tom Cringle is lunching with the flag-lieutenant at a telegraph station at Port Royal which communicates with a mountain retreat to which the Admiral sometimes retires for change of air. The signal-man comes in to say that there are flags hoisted at this mountain settlement of which he can make nothing. The lieutenant and Tom take the telescope in turn. After prolonged scrutiny, they discern these extraordinary flags to be a table-cloth, not altogether immaculate, and a towel. As they cannot understand these signals, they do not acknowledge them, and after a pause they are hauled down. Presently, up they go again, and under them is displayed something else, which is pronounced to be a dish-clout. As the signal still remains unanswered, it is once more hauled down, and after a minute is again hoisted, table-cloth, towel, and dish-clout, with a red ball and two pennants under it. "Ball," says Tom, "it is the *bonnet rouge* with two short streamers." Another look—"A red night-cap and a pair of stockings, by all that is portentous." "Ah, I see," said the lieutenant; "signal-man, acknowledge it." It appeared, on inquiry, that the washing-cart, which ought to have been sent up that morning, had been forgotten, and the Admiral and his secretary having ridden out, there was no one who could make the proper signal for it; so the housekeeper took this original method of getting the cart despatched, and it was sent accordingly. Another story tells rather severely against the volunteer forces of the island, which have turned out for a grand display. The line of march is stopped by two waggons and teams of oxen, which have got inextricably entangled, and are blocking up the street. Hereupon the entire force falls out and begins to drink spruce-beer. Tom comes upon four beautiful field-pieces left in charge of the negro drivers. He asks one of them whether the guns are loaded. "Me no sabe, massa;—top, I shall see." After peeping into the muzzle, like a magpie into a marrow-bone—"Him most be load—no daylight come troo de touch-hole;—take care—make me try him." He shook out the red embers from his pipe on the touch-hole, but only kindled a few grains of powder. Then he thrust a rammer into the gun, which went home with a soft thud. Tom and his companion jumped aside, thinking the gun must be loaded after all. The negro continued ramming as hard as he could, when up came another negro, also provided with a rammer, with which, in a great passion, he struck his countryman over the head. A regular battle, or rather butting-match with the combatants' heads, ensued. The cause of quarrel was that the second negro had stowed his breakfast, for convenience of carriage, in the gun, where the first had been pounding it with the rammer until yams and salt-fish were worked into a kind of paste. In another story, one of the regular services is made to sacrifice its dignity for the reader's pleasure, although not at such an unseemly hour. The Captain and Tom have been dining out, and, in company with several friends, are endeavouring to find their way to their boat, at the Ordnance Wharf. The streets of Kingston, wide and comfortable enough by day, have become unaccountably narrow and intricate that evening. The Captain is clinging to one of the pillars of a piazza, and all the party, except Tom, have shot some fifty yards ahead, working to windward, tack and tack, like Commodore Truncheon. "Let us heave ahead, Tom," says the Captain; "stand you with your white trousers against the next pillar." The

pillars were about twenty feet apart. "Stand there, now. I see it." He weighed from the pillar he had tackled to, and, making a staggering bolt of it, ran up to the pillar against which Tom stood, its position being marked by Tom's white vestments, where he hooked on again, until Tom had taken up a new position. The Captain's commentary on this judicious method of locomotion is, we think, inimitable:—

There, my boy, that's the way to lay out a warp—right in the wind's eye. Tom, we shall fairly beat those lubbers who are tacking in the stream—nothing like warping in the dead water near the shore—mark that down, Tom—never beat in a tide-way when you can warp up along shore in the dead water.

The wines at this party had been exquisite. As Tom wisely says—"You may have Madeira as good at home, but then you have not the climate to drink it in."

Tom's adventures among the smugglers, privateers, or pirates, who in those days haunted the West Indian seas, are various, and told with admirable spirit and graphic power. He gets kidnapped by some Americans, part of the crew of "the tidy little *Wave*," one of whom, he says, told him that "if I was tired of my life, he calculated that I had better speak as loud again." The crew of the *Wave* were of all ages, complexions, countries, and tongues, "and looked as if they had been kidnapped by a press-gang as they had knocked off from the Tower of Babel." The escape of this *Wave*, when chased by two British men-of-war, is made to appear as a possible miracle of speed and seamanship. We can only hope that all readers of this and other chapters of *Tom Cringle's Log* will be as well pleased with them as we have been, both on our first and last perusal.

LOWER'S OLD SPEECH AND MANNERS IN SUSSEX.*

IT may seem strange, at first sight, that some of the best and oldest of our antiquarian journals are crying out loudly, as we hear, for fresh subscribers to replace those whom the hand of death removes year by year; for, if there is one thing more certain than another in the social and literary characteristics of the time, it is the spread far and wide of archaeological tastes and sympathies. Curiously enough, it is this very growth of antiquarianism which is slowly killing the antiquarian journals and magazines. The truth is, that new channels have been opened for archaeological inquiries and researches, and the old beds are fast drying up. The study of antiquities is now more local than it used to be. A certain number of the cosmopolitan antiquaries of the last generation, who cared nothing what a thing was, or where it was, so long as it was old, have been seduced into joining the newer associations for exploring local antiquities. But the majority of the archaeologists of our own day reserve their sympathies and their subscriptions for their own neighbourhoods. It is a great mistake to suppose, with some of those superficial French observers who have been lately recording their impressions of England on occasion of visiting the International Exhibition, that the whole island is being absorbed into the capital, and that county life, so to call it, is perishing from among us. On the contrary, while, by the aid of railroads, the inhabitants of town and country are becoming more and more homogeneous—while the general circulation from the heart to the most distant members of the body politic is becoming more regular and unimpeded—there is abundant proof that the extremities are as full as ever they were of vigour and vitality. Counties and districts seem to vie with each other in maintaining their independence. Local peculiarities are studied and even preserved artificially. The perfect success, for example, of any historical or archaeological society for exploring and preserving the antiquities of any particular district is not problematical, but a matter of certainty, provided there be an average degree of energy in the working members. People never seem to be happier than when they are visiting the old ruins, castles, camps, and churches of their immediate neighbourhood. They will compile for themselves, and what is much more, will listen to others' compilations of the most tedious genealogical details of any local family. In fact, it is almost impossible to bore a good-humoured county gathering, when formally met in archaeological congress. This local patriotism is so strong that there seems to be little difficulty in maintaining an ample list of subscribing members in every provincial archaeological association; and each such body distributes a handsome yearly volume of *Transactions and Proceedings*. This is the true reason why, in the midst of an antiquarian plenty, some old-fashioned antiquarian journals are dying of inanition.

As we have once before pointed out, it would be more convenient for the historical and archaeological student if the local journals were less numerous. It is almost impossible to keep pace with the abundant flow of antiquarian literature. Here, for example, is the Thirteenth Volume of the *Collections of the Sussex Archaeological Society*. Like most of its class, its contents are of very unequal degrees of merit and interest. That is one part of the price which the editors of such volumes as this must pay for their solvency. They are scarcely at liberty to exercise any power of selection. They must print, as a general rule, whatever papers—good, bad, or indifferent—are contributed by the subscribers to their pages. Still, on the whole, most of the communications are worth printing; and many curious inquiries would never see the

* *Sussex Archaeological Collections, relating to the History and Antiquities of the County*. Published by the Sussex Archaeological Society. Vol. XIII. Baco, Lewes.

light except by this joint-stock manner of publication. The Sussex Volume now before us has attracted our special notice by a pleasant paper on the "Old Speech and Old Manners" of the county, written by Mr. M. A. Lower. It is an excellent and amusing specimen of its kind, and deserves to be more widely known than it is likely to be while it is buried in the Transactions of the Sussex Archaeological Society. Mr. Lower is not so much of a Dryasdust as to wish to perpetuate the uncouth manners and quaint language of the South Saxon peasantry; but he wishes to record and preserve their memory, as he perceives that many forms of thought and speech are now beginning to pass away for ever. In this he has our full sympathy; and we are glad that the task which he has undertaken has fallen into such competent hands. We propose to borrow a few curious observations from his very interesting paper.

He begins with the rapid disappearance of the old pronunciation of local names. In particular, he deplores the universal shortening of the final syllables—*ford, ly, and ham*. Everyone knows how strong an accent was laid on these final syllables by the peasantry of Sussex. In fact, it was the traditional pronunciation of the compound word. The modern plan of throwing back the accent to the first syllable treats the final syllable as though it were a mere termination. *Stæford*, so pronounced, is a case in point. The old accent is retained in the epitaph of Sir Nicholas Pelham, its defender in the time of Henry VIII.

What time y^e French sought to have sack'd Seafoord,
This Pelham did repel 'em back aboard.

Mr. Lower mentions the following as some peculiar pronunciations still to be found among the South Saxons:—

"The *dis* and *dat*, the *dem* and *dese*, the *ourn*, *yourn*, and *theirn* of our ploughmen. . . . I used to wonder," he says, "why day-labourers took in vain the name of one whom I considered as the patriarch of the land of Uz, until I discovered that he swore not by *Joh*, but by *Jobe*, the Anglo-Saxon Jupiter."

The great mistake of almost all persons who study local antiquities is to fancy that certain words and things are peculiar to their own district. Thus, Mr. Lower describes and depicts what he calls a *trug*-basket, as "almost peculiar to the county of Sussex." The same shape is universal in the North Midland counties, where, however, it is called a "whisket." So, again, the use of the word *wittle*—from the *hwitel* of the Anglo-Saxons—signifying a fringed shawl, is by no means confined to any one part of England. Whether the obsolete verb "to tight,"—meaning "to dress"—is preserved elsewhere we do not know. The participle, in a modified form, is found in the "storied windows richly *dight*" of Milton. Mr. Lower tells us that he can remember when the Sussex peasantry conceived of the sun as feminine, and the moon as masculine; but this odd Teutonism is already extinct. He makes some considerable additions to Mr. W. D. Cooper's useful *Glossary of the Provincialisms of the County of Sussex*. Among these is *dray*, or *drane*, for a squirrel's nest—a word used in Wither's *Emblems*. We are told that the cruel custom of hunting this animal on St. Andrew's-day still prevails in East Sussex. The hunting of the wren in Ireland and the Isle of Man are equally unintelligible practices. But yet Sussex has no special dialect of its own. Mr. Lower tried to help Prince Lucien Bonaparte to translate Solomon's Song into Sussex speech for that philologist's Dialectology of England, but it was in vain. However, the river Adur makes a demarcation between East and West Sussex which, to the ear of an expert, is very distinguishable in the matter of pronunciation.

The use of oxen as beasts of draught is not even yet extinct in some parts of the beautiful woodlands of East Sussex, which recall the primitive forest of Anderida. If a belief in witchcraft is extinct among the South Saxons, as Mr. Lower seems to think, all we can say is that they are more civilized and more Christianized than the natives of many other English counties. How Colonel Thomas Lunsford, of Hothby, the great cavalier partisan in the Civil Wars, came to be charged with cannibalism is unexplained. This gentleman is coupled with "Bloody Bones" in *Hudibras*, and a contemporary rhyming mock-litany has this petition—

From Fielding and from Vavasour
Both ill-affected men;
From Lunsford eke deliver us,
That eateth up children.

Nor is it known how "Squire Paulett," who was a Captain of Horse Grenadiers to George I., became identified with the headless ghost which was supposed, till quite recently, to haunt St. Leonard's forest.

Of course, Mr. Lower maintains, as a Sussex man, that Mayfield, and not Glastonbury, was the scene of St. Dunstan's exploits in seizing the devil's nose with the tongs. Like Oxford in Kent, where no nightingales have ever sung since St. Thomas of Canterbury had the bad taste to curse them, so St. Leonard's forest, as the famous Dr. Andrew Borde told us three centuries ago, never hears the nightingale's note. So late as 1614 a poisonous dragon was believed to live in this forest; as may be seen in a curious pamphlet bearing that date. The belief in the existence of monstrous serpents obtained in other parts of the wooded Weald of Sussex. Here is a singular tradition about Etchingham:

The church was originally enclosed by a moat—a remarkable appendage to a sanctuary, but pointing to the rude old times when, in seasons of war and civil commotion, men turned the House of God into a fortress. At the bottom of this moat there lies, says the legend, a great *bell*. How it came there is not known, nor will it ever be seen by mortal eyes until six yoke of white oxen shall be brought to the spot to drag it again to daylight. There

is something very Scandinavian about this story, which is doubtless of great antiquity.

Next, Mr. Lower describes some curious customs which survived till lately, such as the "Sops and Ales" of Eastbourne—a kind of revel which the oldest unmarried man was charged to provide whenever there was a child born in the parish. He tells us that the natives of the Weald were called "Wildishers" by the men of the South Downs and the sea-coast. The whole county used to be called "Silly Sussex." The customs of strewing flowers in the path of a newly-married pair at the church door, and also of carrying a white wreath at the funeral of a young girl, are common enough throughout England. So, too, the custom of "gooding" on St. Thomas's Day is as common in Kent as in Sussex. Finally, we may note the local proverb, which was so curiously fulfilled the other day, when the fall of the Cathedral spire happened under a Queen-regnant:—

If Chichester Church-steeple fall,
In England there's no king at all.

These are only a sample of the many amusing details which Mr. Lower has collected in his long experience of Sussex speech and customs. Materials are rapidly collecting for a treatise on the old manners and dialects of the whole of England.

FRENCH LITERATURE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE history of literature has in France a greater abundance and greater attractiveness than elsewhere. There are many causes which have led to the favour with which this kind of writing is there looked upon; but the chief reason of the variety and excellence of the essays on literary history which have such vogue among our neighbours is the existence of the Académie Française, with its yearly distribution of prizes awarded to the best compositions on this subject, and also the establishment of a considerable body of professors whose vocation it is to give lectures on the literature of their country, and whose attention, therefore, is continually occupied with this branch of study. The lectures of a professor of reputation in Paris have often formed no unimportant item among the distractions of a season even with the fashionable world; and the fine ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain and the Chaussée d'Antin have been seen attending classes with the regularity of the student population of the Quartier Latin. The lectures of Villemain, Guizot, and Cousin are become new subjects of literary history themselves. In recent years, the late M. Hippolyte Rigault achieved a distinguished success in this way at the Collège de France; and, although the subject of his lectures—the early Christian Fathers—might not seem a promising one for a mixed audience, yet he treated it with such delicacy of taste, and infused into it so much of the life of the present hour, that his lectures were each of them an intellectual feast whose flavour will never wholly leave the memories of those who heard them. M. Saint-Marc Girardin, the Professor of Poetry at the Sorbonne, is an older and more established favourite, and happily still continues to lecture. He is no pale student like M. Rigault, who killed himself by over-work, nor has he the ultra-French aspect of M. Chasles, but is fresh in colour, shaven in face, with a hearty bluff aspect and manner. In outward appearance he is like an honest French country gentleman, with, however, a vivacity in his eyes and an ever present smile on his lips, which speak of the clear and alert intellect and unfailing humour which is alive within. M. Girardin's lectures are never characterized by any high degree of eloquence, but his frank and unembarrassed manner, the apparent spontaneity of his delivery, his perfect good sense, and his sportive but harmonious play of humour, have gained him crowds of admirers during the many years that he has lectured to full benches at the Sorbonne.

It is but naturally incidental to such a professorial life that the results, as far as publication is concerned, should be of a fragmentary nature; and this is the more likely to be the case with M. Saint-Marc Girardin, who has been a constant contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* as well as to the *Journal des Débats*. His Course of Dramatic Literature is the only work of any sequence of purpose which he has produced. The present volume is essentially fragmentary. The principal essay in it was written as long ago as 1828, and divided, with the essay of M. Chasles, the prize of that year offered by the Académie Française for the subject. This essay, the Professor has been from time to time asked to republish; and he says he has always replied that he was going to rewrite it. Having been, however, on the point of rewriting it for thirty-three years, he began to doubt whether he had sufficient time left for his purpose. The *Tableau de la Littérature au Seizième Siècle* is therefore now published as originally written, together with some supplementary essays on the same period and on the Middle Ages. The Professor consoles himself for the shortcomings of the present publication by thinking of the excellences of the one he had imagined. When, however, a writer is so easily consoled as M. Girardin for the failure of his literary projects, it cannot be imagined that he could have any very deep conviction of having been stamped and set apart by nature to do the various literary deeds which have floated before his mind; nor can we be called upon to feel any deeper regret than himself in the matter. Indeed it is the intensity of desire and pertinacity of purpose in such literary undertakings which mark

* *Tableau de la Littérature au XVI^e Siècle, suivi d'Études sur la Littérature du Moyen Âge et de la Renaissance*. Par M. Saint-Marc Girardin, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1862.

a man out as the fit agent for their accomplishment. We cannot think that the regret of a Gibbon, or even of a Fauriel, would have been so very lightly borne had either been obliged to stay midway in the work to which they had devoted their lives.

It is but of late years that the period of literary history of which this volume treats—the middle ages and the sixteenth century—has been duly appreciated for its magnitude and interest. In the days of La Harpe, the early period of French literature was overlooked with contempt. But now the primitive and mediæval epoch of the French language can boast of a crowd of distinguished critics, whose laborious researches and delicate perception have disinterred the treasures of the past, and displayed a new world of beauty to the mind. The early literature, indeed, of no country in Europe has such charms, and, at the same time, such diversity as this *vieille littérature Gauloise*. From its earliest date its progressive march can be distinctly traced, and its relation to the state of civilization of each age affords an interesting study. From the Crusades to the reign of Saint Louis—from the days of Philip the Fair to the Renaissance—may be exhibited the growth of new principles and new sentiments; and the age of Louis XIV. and of the Jansenists does not differ more from that of Louis XV. and Voltaire, than do the periods included in the above limits from each other. It seems, indeed, that this constant progression, and the consequent ceaseless flux of legendary lore, must have prevented a great poet, if such had existed, from bending the whole powers of his mind towards combining the scattered wealth of national tradition into one great poem. Yet even with this explanation, when we see the whole cycle of Carolingian romance spread out before us, we can hardly understand how the epic and romantic spirit which produced so much should have stopped short where it did. Nothing was wanting but some great poet to breathe a new life into the old legends and fill them with the passion and inspiration of the time; but the national spirit moved too fast, and was soon more inclined to treat the subject with the mockery of Ariosto than with the reverent epic spirit. Many a passage, however, may be quoted from the *Chanson de Roland*, *Ogier le Danois*, *Guillaume au Court Nez*, and *Raoul de Cambrai*, to disprove the assertion of the critic who dissuaded Voltaire from the *Henriade*, because he said *Les Français n'ont pas la tête épique*. One of the most curious proofs of this unstable spirit of the middle ages may be found in the *Roman de la Rose*, whose two parts were composed, as is generally known, by two successive authors, Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meung, with forty years interval between their labours. Guillaume de Lorris, the contemporary of Saint Louis—writing in an age when the Crusading spirit was on the wane, though still existing—composed his portion of the poem, if with little heroic feeling, yet with good faith in chivalry and love as its presiding sentiment. But Jean de Meung—the friend of the politic Philip the Fair—at the instance of his master, took the poem in hand with quite an opposite tendency. In his treatment, all the soft inventions of Guillaume de Lorris became instruments of satire—the women faithless, the priests hypocrites, the rich grasping and avaricious, and the hard incredulous nature of Philip himself seems to animate the whole continuation. Some of the couplets on priests might have been written by Voltaire, and some of the sarcasms on the inequality of human conditions might be put in the mouth of Rousseau. The state of general feeling evidenced by the second part of the *Roman de la Rose* is plainly one entirely antagonistic to that of forty years before. It was impossible, indeed, to have conceived any notion of the middle ages more at variance with the truth than that of their fixity, which was for a long time current. Nor is this unresting change and development of sentiment less discernible in the poetry than in the prose. Between the simple dignity of Villehardouin, the efflorescent chivalry of Froissart, and the politic and sedate narrative of Comines, the distance of sentiment is in each case enormous.

The literature of the sixteenth century has this advantage over that of the middle ages—that its writers then first became individualities. Guillaume de Lorris, Jean de Meung, Christine de Pisan, Gerson, Alain Chantier, are shadowy personages indeed, to whom no heart can beat warmly; but Marot, Montaigne, Rabelais, Calvin, Ronsard, and Regnier become to us intimate acquaintances, men of flesh and blood, for whom we can have real sympathy or dislike, in whose joys and sorrows we can really take part. Indeed, it may be said that at no period of French history can such strongly-marked individualities—characters so original and complete in themselves—be found. The types of characters the furthest apart of the French Revolution have surely infinitely greater affinity than is to be found between Michel l'Hôpital and Rabelais, or between Calvin and Montaigne. The existence of Montaigne, with his calm philosophy of sceptical indifference in an age of such commotion and amid the conflict of exasperated religionists, is assuredly a most characteristic phenomenon. But perhaps Calvin and Rabelais are as wide apart types of the French character as it is possible to imagine. Calvin, lean, hollow-cheeked, thin-lipped, atrabilious in complexion, never known to smile, "*le démoniaque de Genève*," according to Rabelais' expression, is surely as great a contrast as imagination could feign to the great, broad-faced, joyous, and sensual parent of Grandgousier and Gargantua, who declared that *le rire est le propre de l'homme*, whose motto was that of the inscription of his own abbey of Thélème, *fais ce que tu voudras*, and who was ready always to maintain his opinions *jusqu'au feu exclusif*.

Modern French prose dates from Calvin. His *Institution Chrétienne* is one of those singular works which, besides their intrinsic value, stand out as a monument to mark a new epoch in a language. That clearness of expression and precision of style which distinguishes French prose above all other, is first to be found in the pages of the great chief of Geneva. Calvin was an excellent writer of Latin, and his practice in that tongue, joined with his almost prophetic divination of the real genius of the French language and the passionate vehemence of his logical mind, led to the adoption of a style which is a model of exactness up to the present time. Nor in poetry was the advance less marked during the same period. Of the poets of this epoch, Marot had the finest sense of what was yet required in order to perfect the French language. His happy expression was that it was necessary to plane off the great knot of the language—*les gros nœuds de la langue*. Among all his poetical contemporaries—Ronsard, du Bellay, Baif, and Regnier—Marot stands out as the most loveable and estimable. He is a charming type of the *ciel esprit français*. No one has ever surpassed him in the epigram, the *rondeau*, and the madrigal; and it is a singular instance of the perverseness of destiny in troubled times, that Marot, the pious, the light-hearted, the graceful, the gay, and the refined, the favourite of Francis and of Marguerite, should have passed through a stormy career—twice have suffered imprisonment, twice have escaped by flight from a worse fate, and died in exile and in poverty—while the gross, licentious, and profane Rabelais, who deserved the stake on Catholic grounds more than Etienne Dolet or Anne du Bourg, lived unmolested and died in all peacefulness, with a jest upon his lips, in his prebend's house at Meudon. There are some verses of Marot about his gay and thoughtless youth which suggest a touching contrast with his latter days:—

Sur le printemps de ma jeunesse folle,
Je ressemblois l'hirondelle qui vole;
Puis ça, puis là; l'âge me conduisit,
Sans peur ni soin où le cœur me disoit.

Curious, too, is it that the interest of Marot survives little diminished, while that of Ronsard has nearly wholly perished, and yet Ronsard was declared to have equalled Virgil and Homer. Tasso paid reverence to him; Elizabeth sent him jewels from her palace and Mary Stuart sighs from her prison; he lived in such an atmosphere of incense and admiration as never poet enjoyed before or since, and his death was esteemed a public calamity.

Some of the lighter pieces of Ronsard may still be read with pleasure; but his great epic, the *Franciade*, and all his more serious efforts, are now unendurable. Of far deeper importance in the literary history of France are both the Satire in prose dialogue of *La Ménippée*, and the verse Satires of Mathurin Regnier. The spirit and form of both have been inherited by later writers. The *Provinciales* may be affiliated to the former, and some of the best points of Molière to the latter. A political manifesto of the *Parti Politique*, and directed against the League—the joint composition of the Canons Pierre Le Roy, Claude Gillet, Pithou, the great juriconsult, Nicolas Rapin, Florent Chrétien, and Passerat, professor and poet—the *Satire Ménippée* partakes singularly of both the spirit of Rabelais and the manner of Aristophanes.

The *Satire Ménippée* and Regnier are the last manifestations of the old French literature. The *enfin Malherbe* vint of Boileau here finds place. Malherbe performed what Marot suggested, *il rabota les derniers nœuds de la langue*. It has been thought by some of late years that Malherbe and his contemporaries did too much in this way. Regnier in his ninth satire tells us what he thought of the new reformers:—

Qui tous seuls de bien dire on trouva la méthode.

Their whole knowledge, he writes, was nothing

Que regratter un mot douteux au jugement,
Prendre garde qu'un qui ne heurte une diphtongue,
Espier si des vers la rime est brève ou longue.

Et, s'ils font quelque chose
C'est prosier de la rime et rimer de la prose.

The magnitude of the reform introduced by Malherbe, Racan, and Balzac eclipsed until lately the merit of the old French literature; but authors have recently returned to its study, and steeped their style in its hearty spirit and vigorous but rough diction with great benefit.

DEPOSITIONS FROM YORK CASTLE.*

MR. RAINE, the well-known Northern antiquary, who is editor of this volume, has lighted upon what strikes us as quite a new field for the illustration of manners and ways of thinking in past times. There have been several collections of remarkable trials, both political and otherwise, but these, almost by their very nature, relate mainly to exceptional cases. Treasons and extraordinary murders do not happen every day. But while these more famous offences illustrate history in one way, there is another class which illustrates it quite as fully in another way. The records of smaller offences, such as do not find their way into the great collections of trials, really throw more light upon the every-day life of the nation than those greater cases which are themselves matters of history. The collection of papers in York Castle has never before been explored. Out of that part of it which contains the depositions taken before magistrates, Mr. Raine has put together

* Depositions from the Castle of York, relating to Offences committed in the Northern Counties in the Seventeenth Century. Published by the Surtees Society. Durham: Andrews.

a volume which throws much light upon the every-day goings on of people in the Northern counties two hundred years back. It is, in short, one of the best contributions of its kind to historical knowledge which we have seen for a good while.

Allowing for an occasional tendency to twaddle in point of style—it is merely in point of style—Mr. Raine is an excellent editor. He has given us a very good Introduction, which presents a clear view of the general state of the Northern counties at the time to which these depositions belong—namely, the half century between 1640 and 1690. To each deposition he adds one or more notes, explaining any local matters which a Southern reader would not understand, and often telling us, from other sources—which of course the deposition itself does not tell us—what became of the accused person at his final trial. Mr. Raine's local knowledge and local research here stand him in excellent stead. All that we complain of is a certain habit of sticking in rather common-place reflections with notes of admiration after them.

Mr. Raine's Introduction gives us a very good summary of the historical information to be drawn from these depositions. Many of them relate to offences which have pretty well vanished from among us. A large proportion of a magistrate's time in the seventeenth century was occupied with listening to charges of witchcraft and of the lesser class of political offences. "Seditious words"—a thing of which we hardly ever hear now—form one of the commonest matters of accusation, and there seems to have been a pestilential class of informers, specially given to report their neighbours' indiscretions in this way. But of course what sort of words were to be deemed seditious differed very much at different times between 1640 and 1690. Thus, in 1657, 1658, and as late as October 15th, 1659, we have accusations of treason and seditious words, in which the crime is always speaking or acting on behalf of Charles Stuart; while from May 13th, 1660, onwards, we have a long list of persons whose sedition consists in speaking against the said Charles Stuart, now become our Most Gracious Sovereign Lord King Charles. In the like sort, we have accusations for using the Book of Common Prayer and accusations for speaking against it. But, whether King or Parliament is uppermost, two classes of people come in alike for the severity of both. These are the Papists and the Quakers. At the persecutions of the latter we really cannot wonder. If words can, as the Psalmist says, be "very swords," the Quakers of those days were the most pugnacious of men. Whether under Bishop or Presbyterian, whether under King or Protector, it was hardly to be endured that prophets and prophetesses should come into churches and courts of justice, and call the ministers and judges "blind beasts," "priests of Baal," "liars," "Antichrists," and "other reviling language." Then there are depositions against unfortunate priests for being priests, and whole lists of recusants of every degree. A stranger kind of fanatic than all is a woman vaguely called "Jaine," who appears at New Malton in 1652, and leads away much people in a wonderful sort. Mr. Hickson, the then "preacher of the word" in New Malton, not unnaturally complains:—

That one Jaine came unto the towne of New Malton about three weekes agoe, and hath endeavourd by delusion to drawe his people away from him, and told the people that he was a blind guide, a theife, and a robber. Upon which occasion a great number of the people are drawne from coming to the church to heare sermons, and doe usually abuse him and call him a theife and a robber, and doe raile against the ministeriall function.—P. 55.

Some of his congregation seem to have been touched in yet tenderer relations:—

Major Baildon, of New Malton, saith, that the said Jaine hath by delusion drawne the affection of his wife from him, soe as he cannot keepe her at home for this Jaine, but she doth delead and drawe her away; and he hath wanted her many days and one night, and often she hath come into his house at unreasonable times at night home; and she saith that she ought not to owne him any more then another man. He went to Roger Hebdens house, and found the said Jaine and his wife amongst a hundred people, and he desired his wife to goe home, and she said that she would not goe, neither could she goe. And some of that partie threw him violently downe the staires, and putt him in danger of his life, and strooke him on the breast.—P. 57.

Other people who were always hardly dealt with were the Gipsies. Mr. Raine quotes a case of earlier date, 1592, when five people were hanged at Durham "for being Egyptians." Another batch seems to have been executed at York in 1649-50, yet nothing worse is proved against them than telling fortunes.

About the Quakers Mr. Raine tells a good story in his Introduction:—

One instance of this kind (ludicrous enough) happened at Orton. Mr. Fothergill, vicar there, one Sunday exchanged pulpits with Mr. Dalton of Shap, who had but one eye. A Quaker stalking as usual into the church of Orton, whilst Mr. Dalton is preaching, says, "Come down, thou false Fothergill?" "Who told thee," says Mr. Dalton, "that my name was Fothergill?" "The Spirit," quoth the Quaker. "That spirit of thine is a lying spirit," says the other; "for it is well known I am not Fothergill, but peed Dalton of Shap!"—Pp. xxiii-iv.

Some of the depositions are passing strange. Here is one William Mason charged for treason in 1649-50 before Isaac Newton, Esq., but his treason seems to have a strong touch of the supernatural in it:—

William Kirkham, of Rivas, saith, that one Wm. Mason of Newless did relate to this informant that he brought a woman unto his brother's, Robert Mason's, bedd syde at Olde Byland, in the night time, as they were in bedd together. This informant then asked him whether or noe it was a substantiall body, and how he could see or perceive her in the darke? Whoe answered that when it was darke to this informant it was light to him. He asked the said Mason howe he dared to doe these and other strange matters amongst the soldyers lest they should fall upon him and kill him? He answered

that he had fixed them soe that they had neither power to pistoll him, stabb him, kill, or cutt him. This informant further telling the said Mason that, if he could not make good the charge which he had framed against Richard Boulbye's wife, he did beleve the justices at the sessions would committe him to the gaole or house of correction. Whereunto he answered, if they did soe he would make some others followe him; and, when they were fast, he would goe out at his pleasure. Further, asking the said Mason whether or no there should be a King in England, he answered he would warrant there should bee a King, and that very shortly.—P. 25.

Here is a story which, as Mr. Raine says, can scarcely be credited:—

Aug. 19, 1650. Before Jo. Stanhope, Henry Walker, of Mirfield, clothier, saith that, upon Sunday morning last but one, hee, goeing to the howse of Anne Crowther, of Mirfield, she, havinge buried her husband about three weekes before, made a great lamentacon to him for want of some helpe to gett her corne. Whereupon he told her that hee would helpe her to a man which would helpe to gett her harvest, and told her the said man was a widower and that, if they pleased, they might make a marriage together. Shee asked him of what age hee was, and was so importunate with him to have a sight of the man that she procured him the same day to goe for him to Hunslett, where he dwelt, and lent him her mare, and offered to pay him for his paynes. Whereupon this informant went to Hunslett, the said day, and procured John Walker to come along with him. And John Walker and Anne Crowther meeting together the said Sunday at night, after some conference betwixt them, the said Anne expressed herselfe willing to marry with him, if it was that night, and carryed him along with her to her howse. And, on Monday after, they did agree to be married together on Tuesday, and were married by Mr. Robert Allanson, vicar of Mirfield. And upon Thursday she went to the said John's bedsyde and lifted up the cloathes and desyred him to gett up, which he did. And she desyred him to goe forth of doore, and did deny to lett him come into her howse.—Pp. 31, 32.

In 1668 we find an honest Yorkshireman, who, as far as we can understand the tale, sees a ghost, and forthwith goes to a magistrate, seemingly to inform against the ghost. But he must tell his own story:—

June 26, 1668. Before Francis Barker, Esq. John Bowman, of Greenhill, co. Darby, taylor, saith, that, upon the Tuesday before Assention Day last, hee was cominge home from Sheffield market on the footway towards Highley; and about the mid-way there was one John Brunhead overtook him, and they past along untill they came against the cutlers bridge. And when they came at the said bridge they had some discourse concerning an apparition that had bene seene there, as it was reported, in the shape and corporall forme of a man that they called Earle George. And as they were speakeinge of itt, of a sudden there visibly appeared unto them a man lyke unto a prince with a greene doublet and ruff, and holdinge a brachete in his hande. Whereupon this examinee was sorelye affrighted and fell into a swoond or trance, and continued in the same, as hee conceiveth, for the space of aboute halfe an houre. And when he awakend he saw a man passinge with two loadend horses, and he went with him towards Highley.—Pp. 161, 162.

Among the prisoners confined at York for recusancy in 1685 we find:—

The worshipful Mary and Margaret More, living in this county upon a farm of their mother's, were commit to pramunire (the said Margaret dyed in prison), the daughters of Thomas More, Esq., the grandchildren of Chrizaker More, who was the grandchild of Sir Thomas More, quondam Lord Chancellor of England. The prisoner, in herselfe and family, loyall, and a great sufferer.—P. 272.

In 1668 the communion plate and other ornaments were stolen from Catterick Church. Mr. Raine tells us, in his note, that they were replaced by the vicar, Charles Anthony, who dedicated the new ones with a Latin prayer, which Mr. Raine gives at length. Is there ecclesiastical authority for any such ceremony?

The Presbyterian rising in 1663 is an event hardly known to ordinary readers, as the common histories of England despatch it in three or four lines. As it took place in the Northern counties, there is a good deal about it in the present volume. It was a serious business; at least twenty-six men were executed, and many others kept in prison, bound over to good behaviour, &c. There are many depositions against the persons who took a part in this affair, whose history Mr. Raine sums up as follows:—

The most striking political offence recorded in this volume is the great Presbyterian rising in October, 1663. That powerful party had many real or imaginary grievances to arouse it. The neglect of that sovereign whom they had placed upon the throne—the vices that he countenanced and practised—the black Bartholomew Act that emptied so many pulpits—generated much bitterness and discontent. They broke out at last in open rebellion. A conspiracy was organized at Harrogate and Knaresborough, which spread its ramifications through the whole of the Northern counties. Liberty of conscience was the chief watchword of the insurgents. But, although there was much energy and determination evinced, they had neither system nor plan. There was no leader of any name to give his authority to the movement, for men like Fairfax and Wharton held themselves cautiously aloof. There were too many masters, with no presiding genius to direct them. The house, therefore, whilst it was in the builder's hands, crumbled to the ground. The night of the 12th of October witnessed the beginning and the ending of the Westmorland plot. The Bishopric men arose at the same time and with a similar result. In Yorkshire, however, some large preparations had been made. Farneley Wood, near Leeds, was the rendezvous of the insurgents, who assembled there on the night of the 12th in some force, and actually threw up entrenchments, which were abandoned at the approach of day. Concealment was impossible, and the Cavaliers were at once upon them. Numerous arrests were made throughout the North of England, and in the winter a special assize was held, at which the offenders were brought to the bar. Twenty-two were executed in Yorkshire, and four at Appleby. Many others were kept in prison for a long time; and so severe an example was made that the flames of treason were thoroughly stamped out.—Pp. xvii.—xix.

Mr. Raine has some remarks on the horrible state of the prisons, and the cruelty and corruption of the gaolers during the times with which he deals. He sums up with this account of some of the worst:—

Peter prison in York, and the hold on Ouse Bridge, were a disgrace to any civilized country. The cells in the latter place would almost have rivalled the notorious Black-hole. Air, light, and ventilation were absent,

and the waters of the river rushed in when they were above their usual level. The castle of Newcastle-upon-Tyne was a dreadful den, but it was far eclipsed by the Bishop's prison in the palatinate city of Durham. It seems to have consisted of a succession of dungeons one below the other, descending far into the ground!—Pp. xxxiv.—xxxv.

Altogether, we have to thank the Surtees Society—one of the very few publishing Societies which go on and flourish—for a volume throwing real light both on local and general history.

Major O'Reilly has written to inform us that he "was not at Castel Fidardo," as was stated in the "SATURDAY REVIEW" of April 26.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Vining. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan are engaged for a limited period, and will appear on Monday and during the week in the Comedy of the "POOR NOBLEMAN," supported by Messrs. Frank Matthews, F. Charles, Belmont, &c. &c., with the magnificent Burlesque "PRINCE AMABEL," or, the Fairy Queen, with all its splendid scenery, dresses, and decorations, in which the Misses Nelson (from New York and Australia), Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, Belmont, and the entire strength of the company will appear. Commence at half-past 7. Acting Manager, Mr. J. Kinloch.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The next CONCERT will take place on Monday Evening, June 2, at St. James's Hall. Pianoforte, Herr Bauer; violin, Herr Laub (his first appearance this season); violoncello, Signor Piatti. Vocalists, Miss Banks and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. For full particulars see Programme. Sofa stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square.—S. THALBERG has the honour to announce that, after a long absence, he will give a MATINEE at the above Rooms on Monday, June 9th, 1862. The only occasions on which S. Thalberg can possibly appear in London this season are limited to Four Matinees, which will take place as follows:—Monday, June 9th; Monday, June 16th; Saturday, June 28th; Monday, July 7th. The Matinees to commence at half-past 2 o'clock. S. Thalberg will present his last Works, entitled The Art of Singing applied to the Piano, and Les Soirées De Faussette, consisting of Twenty-four Fanciful Musicales. Hall subscription for the four Matinees, three guineas; hall ticket, one guinea; unreserved tickets half-a-guinea. Full programmes, stalls, and tickets may be had at the Queen's Concert Rooms and music-sellers, and on application to Mr. Thalberg's Secretary, Hanover Square Rooms.

MUSICAL UNION.—Tuesday, May 27th.—ST. JAMES'S HALL. Half-past Three, Quintet in A. Mozart; Trio, C minor, Mendelssohn; Quartet, B flat, No. 6, Beethoven. Solos, Violoncello and Piano. Artists.—Laub (first time since 1856), Jæll (first time), Pianist to the King of Hanover, Piatti, Rees, Blagrove, and Lazarus. Visitors' Tickets half a guinea each, to be had of Cramer & Co.; Chappell & Co.; Ollivier; Ashdown & Farry; and Austin, at the Hall. J. ELLA, Director.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. W. G. Cousins's Grand Concert, with full Orchestra and Chorus, Thursday Evening, June 5. Artists.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley, and the Orpheus Glee Union; Messrs. Joachim and Piatti; Professor Sterndale Bennett; Messrs. Harold Thomas and W. G. Cousins. Professor Sterndale Bennett's Exhibition Ode under the composer's direction, and Aubrey's Grand Exhibition March will be performed. Also a new Mr. Overbury by Mr. W. G. Cousins, and Beethoven's Grand Concerto Concertante for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, with orchestra. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s., 3s., and 1s., at the Hall and the Music Warehouses. Stalls may be had of Mr. W. G. Cousins, 24 Cavendish Street, Portland Place, W.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The Second Concert takes place on Friday Afternoon next, May 30th, when Mr. Hallé will play the Sonata Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of Op. 10, and the Sonata pathétique. Vocalist, Miss Banks; Accompanist, Mr. Harold Thomas. To commence at 5 o'clock precisely. Prices of admission—Sofa stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s. At Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Cramer & Co.'s, 20 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 49 Cheapside; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S SECOND PERFORMANCE OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC (Interpreted with Vocal Music) on Thursday Afternoon next, June 5th, at St. James's Hall, to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists, Miss Barrett, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé and Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Violin, Herr Joachim. At the Pianoforte, Mr. Harold Thomas and Mr. Sullivan. Sofa stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at Lindsay Sloper's, 70 Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park; at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at all Musical Dealers.

FRICKELL'S PRIZE TRICKS.—Herr Wiljalba Frickell will repeat his wonderful Tricks, the Bowls of Fish and a Hat which produces everything, in his entertainment of Natural Magic at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, every Evening at 8 (except Saturday). Sat.-day Afternoon at 3. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street, and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

LESSON IN MAGIC, by WILJALBA FRICKELL, at the St. James's Hall every evening at 8 (except Saturday). Saturday Afternoon at 3. By desire, between the first and second acts of Herr Frickell's Entertainment, every evening, he will give a lesson in Magic, and explain some of his popular tricks of sleight of hand. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—OPENING OF AMERICAN SHOW, Friday next, May 30. Admission, Half-a-crown. Bands of 1st Life Guards and Royal Artillery commence at Three o'clock. Visitors can pass under cover from the Exhibition or Garden Entrances to the Show.

HORTICULTURAL GARDEN, SOUTH KENSINGTON.—Open at Nine o'clock. Admission during next week—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, One Shilling; Friday (American Show), Half-a-crown; Saturday (American Show), Five Shillings. Bands daily.

AMERICAN PLANTS.—HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY. Friday next and following days.

LONDON LIBRARY, 12 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.—The ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MEMBERS will take place on SATURDAY, the 31st instant. The CHAIR will be taken, at THREE O'CLOCK, P.M., by the PRESIDENT, the Right Honourable the EARL OF CLARENDON, K.G.

By order of the Committee,
ROBERT HARRISON, Secretary.

MAJOR R. C. BARNARD, B.A., of Emmanuel College, Cambridge (1861), F.L.S., and late of Her Majesty's 41st Regiment, receives PUPILS to be prepared for the universities, the Army, Civil Service, or for Public Schools. Geology and Botany form part of the course of instruction. Cambridge House, Day's Hill, Cheltenham, May 22, 1862.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The Fifty-eighth Annual Exhibition is now Open at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Seven. Admission is, Catalogue, 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

FRITH'S NEW PICTURE, "THE RAILWAY STATION," is now on View Daily to the Public at the Fine Art Gallery, 7 Haymarket, next door to the Theatre, between the hours of 11 and 6 P.M. Admission, One Shilling.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY MR. JOHN LEECH. MESSRS. BRADBURY & EVANS have the pleasure to announce that they will shortly exhibit at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, a Collection of Mr. John Leech's Drawings from Punch, which have been reproduced (much enlarged) on canvas by an ingenious new process, and Painted in Oil by Mr. Leech. The Exhibition will open in the course of the month of May. Admission, One Shilling. Whitefriars, April 30.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION, 114 NEW BOND STREET. MESSRS. DICKINSON'S Eighth Annual Exhibition of Miniatures, Drawings, and Life-size Pictures, based on Photographs, is now Open. Admission by address cards.

GARIBALDI and ITALY.

SIGNORA JESSIE WHITE MARIO will deliver her LAST LECTURE in England, before returning to Italy, at St. James's Hall, on TUESDAY next, the 27th instant.

JAMES STANFELD, Esq., M.P., will take the Chair at Eight o'clock. Admission, 1s.; sofa stalls, numbered and reserved, 2s. 6d. Tickets at Mitchell's, 33 Old Bond Street; Austin's Office, St. James's Hall; Mr. Edmund Wilson's, Royal Exchange; Mr. W. H. Ashurst, Treasurer to the Garibaldi Fund, 6 Old Jewry; Mr. Sainsbury, 17 Strand; and Oliver's, 19 Old Bond Street, Piccadilly, W. Garibaldi Italian Unity Committee Rooms, No. 10 Southampton Street, Strand. J. M. MOIR, Secretary.

PREPARATION for OXFORD.—A benefited Clergyman, Graduate in Honours, who prepares four pupils for Oxford, will have a Vacancy after Midsummer. He wishes to meet with a youth who is disposed to read, and of whose previous good conduct some assurance can be given. Residence healthy and near a railway station. References and testimonials will be given on application.—Address, Rev. B. D. Messrs. Parker's, 37 Strand.

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THE ALBERT CLUB.

THIS CLUB will shortly be OPENED for reception of Members. Particulars as to Membership, &c., can be obtained on application to the Secretary, at the Club House, 15 George Street, Hanover Square.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, Great Malvern.—The Public is respectfully informed that the IMPERIAL HOTEL will be OPENED in July next for the Reception of Visitors. The tariff will be so arranged that families and gentlemen may engage suites of apartments or single rooms, at a fixed charge per day, including attendance, and may either take their meals privately or at the table d'hôte, public breakfast, tea, and supper. A wholesale wine and spirit establishment for the sale of wines and beverages of the highest class will be attached to the hotel. Warm, cold, vapour, douche, running sitz, and shower baths, will be obtainable at all times in the hotel, a portion of which is set apart for these baths. A covered way will conduct the visitors direct from the railway platform to the hotel. GEORGE CURTIS, Manager.

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LONDON HOMOEOPATHIC HOSPITAL, Great Ormond Street, W.C.—The Board of Management earnestly beg Support from the friends of Homoeopathy, and especially from the many amongst the wealthy who, having themselves derived benefit from it, are generally disposed to confer similar benefits on the sick poor. Contributions gratefully received by the Members of the Board or the Honorary Secretary, 7th April, 1862. RALPH BUCHAN, Hon. Secretary.

COLONIAL ARROWROOT ASSOCIATION, Established by Proprietors of Estates, 30 Duke Street, Piccadilly, S.W.—See Reports (sent free) of Dr. Lankester and Dr. Hassall. In tins, 1 lb. and 2 lb. at 1s. 6d. per lb.; 6 lb. at 1s. 6d. per lb.; 12 lb. at 1s. 3d. per lb.; original tins, 31 lb. at 1s. per lb. Terms cash. G. C. STACPOOLE, Secretary.

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212lb., 424s. 6d.; 214lb., 428s. 6d.; 216lb., 432s. 6d.; 218lb., 436s. 6d.; 220lb., 440s. 6d.; 222lb., 444s. 6d.; 224lb., 448s. 6d.; 226lb., 452s. 6d.; 228lb., 456s. 6d.; 230lb., 460s. 6d.; 232lb., 464s. 6d.; 234lb., 468s. 6d.; 236lb., 472s. 6d.; 238lb., 476s. 6d.; 240lb., 480s. 6d.; 242lb., 484s. 6d.; 244lb., 488s. 6d.; 246lb., 492s. 6d.; 248lb., 496s. 6d.; 250lb., 500s. 6d.; 252lb., 504s. 6d.; 254lb., 508s. 6d.; 256lb., 512s. 6d.; 258lb., 516s. 6d.; 260lb., 520s. 6d.; 262lb., 524s. 6d.; 264lb., 528s. 6d.; 266lb., 532s. 6d.; 268lb., 536s. 6d.; 270lb., 540s. 6d.; 272lb., 544s. 6d.; 274lb., 548s. 6d.; 276lb., 552s. 6d.; 278lb., 556s. 6d.; 280lb., 560s. 6d.; 282lb., 564s. 6d.; 284lb., 568s. 6d.; 286lb., 572s. 6d.; 288lb., 576s. 6d.; 290lb., 580s. 6d.; 292lb., 584s. 6d.; 294lb., 588s. 6d.; 296lb., 592s. 6d.; 298lb., 596s. 6d.; 300lb., 600s. 6d.; 302lb., 604s. 6d.; 304lb., 608s. 6d.; 306lb., 612s. 6d.; 308lb., 616s. 6d.; 310lb., 620s. 6d.; 312lb., 624s. 6d.; 314lb., 628s. 6d.; 316lb., 632s. 6d.; 318lb., 636s. 6d.; 320lb., 640s. 6d.; 322lb., 644s. 6d.; 324lb., 648s. 6d.; 326lb., 652s. 6d.; 328lb., 656s. 6d.; 330lb., 660s. 6d.; 332lb., 664s. 6d.; 334lb., 668s. 6d.; 336lb., 672s. 6d.; 338lb., 676s. 6d.; 340lb., 680s. 6d.; 342lb., 684s. 6d.; 344lb., 688s. 6d.; 346lb., 692s. 6d.; 348lb., 696s. 6d.; 350lb., 700s. 6d.; 352lb., 704s. 6d.; 354lb., 708s. 6d.; 356lb., 712s. 6d.; 358lb., 716s. 6d.; 360lb., 720s. 6d.; 362lb., 724s. 6d.; 364lb., 728s. 6d.; 366lb., 732s. 6d.; 368lb., 736s. 6d.; 370lb., 740s. 6d.; 372lb., 744s. 6d.; 374lb., 748s. 6d.; 376lb., 752s. 6d.; 378lb., 756s. 6d.; 380lb., 760s. 6d.; 382lb., 764s. 6d.; 384lb., 768s. 6d.; 386lb., 772s. 6d.; 388lb., 776s. 6d.; 390lb., 780s. 6d.; 392lb., 784s. 6d.; 394lb., 788s. 6d.; 396lb., 792s. 6d.; 398lb., 796s. 6d.; 400lb., 800s. 6d.; 402lb., 804s. 6d.; 404lb., 808s. 6d.; 406lb., 812s. 6d.; 408lb., 816s. 6d.; 410lb., 820s. 6d.; 412lb., 824s. 6d.; 414lb., 828s. 6d.; 416lb., 832s. 6d.; 418lb., 836s. 6d.; 420lb., 840s. 6d.; 422lb., 844s. 6d.; 424lb., 848s. 6d.; 426lb., 852s. 6d.; 428lb., 856s. 6d.; 430lb., 860s. 6d.; 432lb., 864s. 6d.; 434lb., 868s. 6d.; 436lb., 872s. 6d.; 438lb., 876s. 6d.; 440lb., 880s. 6d.; 442lb., 884s. 6d.; 444lb., 888s. 6d.; 446lb., 892s. 6d.; 448lb., 896s. 6d.; 450lb., 900s. 6d.; 452lb., 904s. 6d.; 454lb., 908s. 6d.; 456lb., 912s. 6d.; 458lb., 916s. 6d.; 460lb., 920s. 6d.; 462lb., 924s. 6d.; 464lb., 928s. 6d.; 466lb., 932s. 6d.; 468lb., 936s. 6d.; 470lb., 940s. 6d.; 472lb., 944s. 6d.; 474lb., 948s. 6d.; 476lb., 952s. 6d.; 478lb., 956s. 6d.; 480lb., 960s. 6d.; 482lb., 964s. 6d.; 484lb., 968s. 6d.; 486lb., 972s. 6d.; 488lb., 976s. 6d.; 490lb., 980s. 6d.; 492lb., 984s. 6d.; 494lb., 988s. 6d.; 496lb., 992s. 6d.; 498lb., 996s. 6d.; 500lb., 1000s. 6d.; 502lb., 1004s. 6d.; 504lb., 1008s. 6d.; 506lb., 1012s. 6d.; 508lb., 1016s. 6d.; 510lb., 1020s. 6d.; 512lb., 1024s. 6d.; 514lb., 1028s. 6d.; 516lb., 1032s. 6d.; 518lb., 1036s. 6d.; 520lb., 1040s. 6d.; 522lb., 1044s. 6d.; 524lb., 1048s. 6d.; 526lb., 1052s. 6d.; 528lb., 1056s. 6d.; 530lb., 1060s. 6d.; 532lb., 1064s. 6d.; 534lb., 1068s. 6d.; 536lb., 1072s. 6d.; 538lb., 1076s. 6d.; 540lb., 1080s. 6d.; 542lb., 1084s. 6d.; 544lb., 1088s. 6d.; 546lb., 1092s. 6d.; 548lb., 1096s. 6d.; 550lb., 1100s. 6d.; 552lb., 1104s. 6d.; 554lb., 1108s. 6d.; 556lb., 1112s. 6d.; 558lb., 1116s. 6d.; 560lb., 1120s. 6d.; 562lb., 1124s. 6d.; 564lb., 1128s. 6d.; 566lb., 1132s. 6d.; 568lb., 1136s. 6d.; 570lb., 1140s. 6d.; 572lb., 1144s. 6d.; 574lb., 1148s. 6d.; 576lb., 1152s. 6d.; 578lb., 1156s. 6d.; 580lb., 1160s. 6d.; 582lb., 1164s. 6d.; 584lb., 1168s. 6d.; 586lb., 1172s. 6d.; 588lb., 1176s. 6d.; 590lb., 1180s. 6d.; 592lb., 1184s. 6d.; 594lb., 1188s. 6d.; 596lb., 1192s. 6d.; 598lb., 1196s. 6d.; 600lb., 1200s. 6d.; 602lb., 1204s. 6d.; 604lb., 1208s. 6d.; 606lb., 1212s. 6d.; 608lb., 1216s. 6d.; 610lb., 1220s. 6d.; 612lb., 1224s. 6d.; 614lb., 1228s. 6d.; 616lb., 1232s. 6d.; 618lb., 1236s. 6d.; 620lb., 1240s. 6d.; 622lb., 1244s. 6d.; 624lb., 1248s. 6d.; 626lb., 1252s. 6d.; 628lb., 1256s. 6d.; 630lb., 1260s. 6d.; 632lb., 1264s. 6d.; 634lb., 1268s. 6d.; 636lb., 1272s. 6d.; 638lb., 1276s. 6d.; 640lb., 1280s. 6d.; 642lb., 1284s. 6d.; 644lb., 1288s. 6d.; 646lb., 1292s. 6d.; 648lb., 1296s. 6d.; 650lb., 1300s. 6d.; 652lb., 1304s. 6d.; 654lb., 1308s. 6d.; 656lb., 1312s. 6d.; 658lb., 1316s. 6d.; 660lb., 1320s. 6d.; 662lb., 1324s. 6d.; 664lb., 1328s. 6d.; 666lb., 1332s. 6d.; 668lb., 1336s. 6d.; 670lb., 1340s. 6d.; 672lb., 1344s. 6d.; 674lb., 1348s. 6d.; 676lb., 1352s. 6d.; 678lb., 1356s. 6d.; 680lb., 1360s. 6d.; 682lb., 1364s. 6d.; 684lb., 1368s. 6d.; 686lb., 1372s. 6d.; 688lb., 1376s. 6d.; 690lb., 1380s. 6d.; 692lb., 1384s. 6d.; 694lb., 1388s. 6d.; 696lb., 1392s. 6d.; 698lb., 1396s. 6d.; 700lb., 1400s. 6d.; 702lb., 1404s. 6d.; 704lb., 1408s. 6d.; 706lb., 1412s. 6d.; 708lb., 1416s. 6d.; 710lb., 1420s. 6d.; 712lb., 1424s. 6d.; 714lb., 1428s. 6d.; 716lb., 1432s. 6d.; 718lb., 1436s. 6d.; 720lb., 1440s. 6d.; 722lb., 1444s. 6d.; 724lb., 1448s. 6d.; 726lb., 1452s. 6d.; 728lb., 1456s. 6d.; 730lb., 1460s. 6d.; 732lb., 1464s. 6d.; 734lb., 1468s. 6d.; 736lb., 1472s. 6d.; 738lb., 1476s. 6d.; 740lb., 1480s. 6d.; 742lb., 1484s. 6d.; 744lb., 1488s. 6d.; 746lb., 1492s. 6d.; 748lb., 1496s. 6d.; 750lb., 1500s. 6d.; 752lb., 1504s. 6d.; 754lb., 1508s. 6d.; 756lb., 1512s. 6d.; 758lb., 1516s. 6d.; 760lb., 1520s. 6d.; 762lb., 1524s. 6d.; 764lb., 1528s. 6d.; 766lb., 1532s. 6d.; 768lb., 1536s. 6d.; 770lb., 1540s. 6d.; 772lb., 1544s. 6d.; 774lb., 1548s. 6d.; 776lb., 1552s. 6d.; 778lb., 1556s. 6d.; 780lb., 1560s. 6d.; 782lb., 1564s. 6d.; 784lb., 1568s. 6d.; 786lb., 1572s. 6d.; 788lb., 1576s. 6d.; 790lb., 1580s. 6d.; 792lb., 1584s. 6d.; 794lb., 1588s. 6d.; 796lb., 1592s. 6d.; 798lb., 1596s. 6d.; 800lb., 1600s. 6d.; 802lb., 1604s. 6d.; 804lb., 1608s. 6d.; 806lb., 1612s. 6d.; 808lb., 1616s. 6d.; 810lb., 1620s. 6d.; 812lb., 1624s. 6d.; 814lb., 1628s. 6d.; 816lb., 1632s. 6d.; 818lb., 1636s. 6d.; 820lb., 1640s. 6d.; 822lb., 1644s. 6d.; 824lb., 1648s. 6d.; 826lb., 1652s. 6d.; 828lb., 1656s. 6d.; 830lb., 1660s. 6d.; 832lb., 1664s. 6d.; 834lb., 1668s. 6d.; 836lb., 1672s. 6d.; 838lb., 1676s. 6d.; 840lb., 1680s. 6d.; 842lb., 1684s. 6d.; 844lb., 1688s. 6d.; 846lb., 1692s. 6d.; 848lb., 1696s. 6d.; 850lb., 1700s. 6d.; 852lb., 1704s. 6d.; 854lb., 1708s. 6d.; 856lb., 1712s. 6d.; 858lb., 1716s. 6d.; 860lb., 1720s. 6d.; 862lb., 1724s. 6d.; 864lb., 1728s. 6d.; 866lb., 1732s. 6d.; 868lb., 1736s. 6d.; 870lb., 1740s. 6d.; 872lb., 1744s. 6d.; 874lb., 1748s. 6d.; 876lb., 1752s. 6d.; 878lb., 1756s. 6d.; 880lb., 1760s. 6d.; 882lb., 1764s. 6d.; 884lb., 1768s. 6d.; 886lb., 1772s. 6d.; 888lb., 1776s. 6d.; 890lb., 1780s. 6d.; 892lb., 1784s. 6d.; 894lb., 1788s. 6d.; 896lb., 1792s. 6d.; 898lb., 1796s. 6d.; 900lb., 1800s. 6d.; 902lb., 1804s. 6d.; 904lb., 1808s. 6d.; 906lb., 1812s. 6d.; 908lb., 1816s. 6d.; 910lb., 1820s. 6d.; 912lb., 1824s. 6d.; 914lb., 1828s. 6d.; 916lb., 1832s. 6d.; 918lb., 1836s. 6d.; 920lb., 1840s. 6d.; 922lb., 1844s. 6d.; 924lb., 1848s. 6d.; 926lb., 1852s. 6d.; 928lb., 1856s. 6d.; 930lb., 1860s. 6d.; 932lb., 1864s. 6d.; 934lb., 1868s. 6d.; 936lb., 1872s. 6d.; 938lb., 1876s. 6d.; 940lb., 1880s. 6d.; 942lb., 1884s. 6d.; 944lb., 1888s. 6d.; 946lb., 1892s. 6d.; 948lb., 1896s. 6d.; 950lb., 1900s. 6d.; 952lb., 1904s. 6d.; 954lb., 1908s. 6d.; 956lb., 1912s. 6d.; 958lb., 1916s. 6d.; 960lb., 1920s. 6d.; 962lb., 1924s. 6d.; 964lb., 1928s. 6d.; 966lb., 1932s. 6d.; 968lb., 1936s. 6d.; 970lb., 1940s. 6d.; 972lb., 1944s. 6d.; 974lb., 1948s. 6d.; 976lb., 1952s. 6d.; 978lb., 1956s. 6d.; 980lb., 1960s. 6d.; 982lb., 1964s. 6d.; 984lb., 1968s. 6d.; 986lb., 1972s. 6d.; 988lb., 1976s. 6d.; 990lb., 1980s. 6d.; 992lb., 1984s. 6d.; 994lb., 1988s. 6d.; 996lb., 1992s. 6d.; 998lb., 1996s. 6d.; 1000lb., 2000s. 6d.; 1002lb., 2004s. 6d.; 1004lb., 2008s. 6d.; 1006lb., 2012s. 6d.; 1008lb., 2016s. 6d.; 1010lb., 2020s. 6d.; 1012lb., 2024s. 6d.; 1014lb., 2028s. 6d.; 1016lb., 2032s. 6d.; 1018lb., 2036s. 6d.; 1020lb., 2040s. 6d.; 1022lb., 2044s. 6d.; 1024lb., 2048s. 6d.; 1026lb., 2052s. 6d.; 1028lb., 2056s. 6d.; 1030lb., 2060s. 6d.; 1032lb., 2064s. 6d.; 1034lb., 2068s. 6d.; 1036lb., 2072s. 6d.; 1038lb., 2076s. 6d.; 1040lb., 2080s. 6d.; 1042lb., 2084s. 6d.; 1044lb., 2088s. 6d.; 1046lb., 2092s. 6d.; 1048lb., 2096s. 6d.; 1050lb., 2100s. 6d.; 1052lb., 2104s. 6d.; 1054lb.,

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.—ESTABLISHED 1762.

The Right Hon. Lord THREDEGAR, President.
 William F. Pollock, Esq., V.P.
 John Charles Burnley, Esq.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish, M.P.
 Frederick Cooper, Esq.
 Charles Curline, Esq.
 Charles Dymley, Esq.
 Richard Gosling, Esq.
 Peter Martin, Esq.
 John Aldin Moore, Esq.
 Sir Alex. Morrison, M.D.
 James Spiller, Esq.
 Charles Tappin, Esq.
 Richard Twining, Esq.
 H. S. H. Wollaston, Esq.

The Equitable is an entirely mutual office, and has now been established for a century. The reserve, at the last "year," in December, 1860, exceeded three-fourths of a million sterling, a sum more than double the corresponding fund of any similar institution. The bonuses paid on claims, in the 10 years ending on the 31st December, 1860, exceeded £1,300,000, being more than 100 per cent. on the amount of all those claims. The Capital on the 31st December, 1861, consisted of—
 £2,250,000 in the 3 per Cent.
 £1,000,000 Cash on Mortgage.
 £150,000 Cash advanced on Debentures.
 £12,140 Cash advanced on security of Policies.

Policies effected in the current year 1862 will be entitled to additions on payment of the Annual Premium due in 1862; and in the order to be made for Retrospective Additions in 1870, to be entitled to the benefit of such order ratably with every other Policy then existing:—in respect of the Annual Premiums paid thereon in the years 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, and 1867, or on any payments; and in 1868 a further Retrospective addition will be rated on seventeen Annual Payments, and so on.

On the surrender of policies the full value is paid, without any deduction; or the Directors will advance nine-tenths of such surrender value as a temporary accommodation on the deposit of the policy.

No extra premium is charged for service in any Volunteer Corps within the United Kingdom, during peace or war.

A weekly Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from Eleven to One o'clock, to receive proposals for new assurances; and a short account of the Society may be had on application, personally or by post, from the office, where attendance is given daily, from Ten to Four o'clock.

ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

HAND-IN-HAND INSURANCE OFFICE, No. 1 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.—Established 1862.

The Hon. William Ashley, Esq.
 T. Palmer Chapman, Esq.
 Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir Ed. Cust.
 John Lettison Elliot, Esq.
 James Esdaile, Esq.
 John Guinness Hoare, Esq.
 T. Fuller Maitland, Esq.
 William Scott, Esq.
 John Spelling, Esq.
 Thomas Turner, Esq.
 Henry Wilson, Esq.
 W. Esdaile Winter, Esq.

Directors.—Col. the Hon. P. F. Cust, James Esdaile, Esq., Gordon E. Surtees, Esq.
 Barrister.—Messrs. Gossling & Sharpe, 15 Fleet Street.
 Physician.—Thos. K. Chambers, M.D., 25 Brook Street, Grosvenor Square.
 Standing Counsel.—The Hon. A. J. Ashley, 33 Lincoln's Inn Fields.
 Solicitors.—Messrs. Nicholl, Burnett, & Newman, 18 Carey Street.
 Actuary.—James M. Terry, Esq. Secretary.—Richard Ray, Esq.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

This office offers a low scale of premiums to non-members without participation in profits, or a member's scale of premiums with an annual participation in the whole of the profits after five annual payments.

For the last 13 years participation in profits has yielded an annual statement of 10 per cent. on the premiums of all policies of five years' standing.

The effect of the Abatement is thus shown:—

Age when insured.	Sum insured.	Annual Premium for first Five Years.	Reduced Annual Premium.
20	£1,000	£21 15 10	£10 7 3
30	2,000	33 9 4	20 7 7
40	3,000	45 10 0	30 7 0
50	5,000	72 15 0	48 13 4

If instead of taking the benefit of a reduced payment, a member chooses to employ the amount of the abatement in a further insurance, he may, without increasing his outlay, take out an additional policy at the end of the first five years, on an average, more than 10 per cent. on the sum originally insured, and at the end of the second five years of above 30 per cent. more, with further additions afterwards.

The following Table presents Examples of the Abatement to be thus obtained at the existing rate of profits:—

Age when insured.	Original Amount of Policy.	Amount, with additions, by re-insurance, at end of first five years.	Amount, with additions, by re-insurance, at end of second five years.
20	£1,000	£1,175	£1,200
30	2,000	2,307	2,370
40	3,000	3,472	3,495
50	5,000	5,731	5,802

As a third alternative a member may have the amount of the abatement converted year by year into a proportionate bonus payable to him at the end of the first five years, and at the end of the second five years, and at the end of the third five years, and so on.

Insurance is effected at the usual rates.

By Order of the Board, RICHARD RAY, Secretary.

THE ECONOMIC LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 6 New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London. Established 1823.

Directors.
 ROBERT BIDDOULPH, Esq., Chairman.
 WILLIAM BOUTH, Esq., Deputy Chairman.
 ALFRED KINGFORD BARBER, Esq.
 HENRY BARNETT, Esq.
 The Rt. Hon. E. FLEWELL BOUVERIE, M.P.
 EDWARD CHARRINGTON, Esq.
 PASCOE CHARLES GLYN, Esq.
 JOHN HOWELL, Esq.
 HENRY ROBERTS, Esq.
 Physician.—WM. EMANUEL PAGE, M.D., Oxon., 11 Queen Street, May Fair.
 Surgeon.—BENJ. TRAVERS, Esq., F.R.C.S., 49 Dover Street, Piccadilly.
 Solicitors.—HENRY YOUNG, Esq., 12 Essex Street, Strand.
 Actuary.—JAMES JOHN DOWDES, Esq., F.R.S.
 Secretary.—ALEXANDER MACDONALD, Esq.

Advantages.—Mutual Assurance.

The lowest rates of Premium on the Mutual System.

The whole of the Profits divided among the Policy-holders every Fifth Year.

Assets amounting to £2,000,000.

During its existence the Society has paid in Claims, and in reduction of Bonus Liability, upwards of £2,000,000.

Reversionary Bonuses have been added to Policies to the extent of £1,000,000.

The last Bonus, declared in 1859, which averaged 200 per Cent. on the Premiums paid, amounted to £475,000.

Policies in force £3,000,000.

The Annual Income £250,000.

In pursuance of the provisions of this Society, in the event of the Death of the Life Assured within the 15 days of grace, the Reversionary Premium remaining unpaid, the Claim will be admitted, subject to the payment of such Premium.

Service in the Militia, Yeomanry, or Volunteer Corps will not affect the validity of Policies.

Prospectuses and full particulars may be obtained on application to ALEXANDER MACDONALD, Secretary.

CLERICAL, MEDICAL AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY. Established 1864.

All Persons who effect Policies on the Participating Scale before June 30th, 1862, will be entitled at the Next Bonus to one year's additional Share of Profits over later Assurers.

Tables of Rates and Forms of Proposal can be obtained of any of the Society's Agents, or of

GEORGE CUTCLIFFE, Actuary and Secretary.

12 St. James's Square, London, S.W.

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION, 81 King William Street, E.C.—The Directors of this Association hereby inform the members that the premiums falling due in the year ending on the 1st of July next from the FIRST SERIES of members will be reduced at the rate of 43 per cent., and the premiums of those members of the SECOND SERIES who have been assured for seven years will be reduced at the rate of 73 per cent.

EDWARD DOCKER, Secretary.

LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

FANY.—Chief Office: 71 and 73 King William Street, London, E.C. Capital.—One Million (with power to increase). Chairman.—W. Russell, Esq., M.P. Deputy-Chairman.—Mr. Alderman Danks. Insurances are granted by this Company on the most Moderate Terms upon every description of Property, both at Home and Abroad. Prospectuses and every information obtained on application.

W. P. CLIRHUGH, General Manager.

STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

was established in 1825, and during the last fifteen years the annual average of New Assurances has exceeded Half a Million Sterling, being the largest business transacted in this period by any Life Assurance Office.

From 1846 to 1851 the amount of Assurances effected was	£3,500,000 13 8
From 1851 to 1856 the amount of Assurances effected was	2,541,840 3 1
From 1856 to 1861 the amount of Assurances effected was	2,802,886 16 3
Total in 15 years	£8,844,726 13 2

ACCUMULATED FUND

ANNUAL REVENUE

The Directors invite particular attention to the NEW TERMS and CONDITIONS of the STANDARD POLICY.

FREE ASSURANCE.

The Assured under these Policies may proceed to and reside in any part of the world without payment of extra Premium, may serve in Militia or Volunteer Corps, in time of peace or war, within the United Kingdom; and, further, no Policy of five years' duration shall be liable to any ground of challenge whatever connected with the original documents on which the Assurance was granted.

POLICIES OF FIVE YEARS' DURATION effected for the whole term of life at a uniform rate of Premium, may be renewed within thirteen months of date of lapsing, on payment of a fine; during which period the risk shall be binding on the Company, in the event of death, subject to the deduction of Premiums unpaid and Fines.

POLICIES of less than FIVE YEARS' DURATION may be renewed within thirteen months, on very favourable terms.

SURRENDER VALUES granted, after payment of one Annual Premium on "With Profit" Policies, or THREE Annual Premiums on those "Without Profit." Loans granted on such Policies within their value.

By Order of the Directors,
 WILL. THOS. THOMSON, Manager.
 H. JONES WILLIAMS, Resident Secretary.

London, 40 King William Street.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

Established A.D. 1720, by Charter of King George the First, and confirmed by Special Acts of Parliament.

Chief Office, Royal Exchange, London; Branch, 25 Pall Mall.

OCTAVIUS WIGRAM, Esq., Governor.
 GEORGE FRANKS BARCLAY, Esq., Sub-Governor.
 Sir JOHN HENRY PELL, Bart., Deputy-Governor.

Directors.
 Henry Balmbridge, Esq.
 Robert Barclay, Esq.
 John Gerratt Cuttley, Esq.
 Edward Maxwell Dendall, Esq.
 William Davidson, Esq.
 Thomas Dent, Esq.
 Alexander Drummond, Esq.
 Fredk. Joseph Edlmann, Esq.
 Charles Farquharson, Esq.
 Riversdale Wm. Grenfell, Esq.
 William Tetlow Hibbert, Esq.
 James Stewart Hodgson, Esq.
 Wilmet Holland, Esq.
 The Earl of Leven and Melville.
 Charles John Manning, Esq.
 Henry Nelson, Esq.
 Hon. J. W. Percy.
 Charles Robinson, Esq.
 Samuel Leo Schuster, Esq.
 Eric Carrington Smith, Esq.
 William Soltau, Esq.
 Joseph Somes, Esq., M.P.
 William Walker, Esq.
 Charles Baring Young, Esq.

Fire, Lava, and Marine Assurances on liberal terms.
 Life Assurances with, or without, participation in Profits.
 Divisions of Profit every Five years.
 Any sum up to £100,000 insured on the same Life.
 A liberal participation in Profits, with exemption under Royal Charter from the liabilities of partnership.
 A rate of Bonus equal to the average returns of Mutual Societies, with the additional guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock.
 The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a half.
 The Corporation have always allowed the Assured to serve in the Militia, Yeomanry, or Volunteer Corps of the United Kingdom free of all contribution.
 A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

IMPERIAL BANK (LIMITED), 6 LOTHBURY.

Capital, £1,000,000.

Directors.
 Robert How, Esq. (firm of Walker, How, & Co.), Sydney, and 6 Cannon Street.
 Edmund Westley, Esq., Director of the Bank of Victoria, 13 New Broad Street.
 Andrew Leck, Esq. (firm of A. Leck & Co.), 42 Fenchurch Street.
 Michael Hall, Esq. (firm of Greenwell & Hall), 30 East India Chambers.
 Alex. Lang Elder, Esq. (Director of the English, Scottish, and Australian Bank), Fenchurch Street Buildings.
 John Alfred Chowne, Esq. (Director of the Northern Railway of Canada), 55 Westbourne Terrace.
 William Macdougall, Esq. (firm of W. & C. Macdougall, Halifax, N.S., and 2 Lancaster Gate, Upper Hyde Park Gardens).
 Robert Davies, Esq. (Director of the Bank of Egypt), Chesham.
 James Dickson, Esq. (firm of Lenox, Napier, & Co.), 14 New Broad Street.
 William Talbot, Esq. (firm of Talbot & Trego) Chairman, Graham Life Assurance Company.
 Joseph Underwood, Esq. (firm of Hills & Underwood), 25 Eastcheap.
 Samuel B. Edenborough, Esq. (firm of S. B. Edenborough & Co.), Moorgate Street Buildings.
 Wm. Gordon Thomson, Esq., 14 Clifton Gardens, Hyde Park.
 Robert S. Price, Esq., 5 Gresham Street, and Clifton Gardens.
 Secretaries.—Messrs. Deane, Hope, Dodgson, & Co., 26 Royal Exchange.

The Directors beg to intimate that the Bank will commence business on Monday, the 2nd of June next.

The Bank will open current accounts with all persons properly introduced.

Interest will be allowed at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum on current accounts on the minimum monthly balances, if the credit balance shall not at any time during the half-year have been below £500, and at the rate of 1 per cent. per annum if not below £200.

The Bank will receive money on deposit at call, or for fixed periods at interest to be agreed upon.

Money on deposit from parties not being customers will be received in sums of £10 and upwards, on which interest will be allowed.

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